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THE ROTARIAN

A Magazine

ANN ARBOR MICH
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BISHOP WM W

“Father Wouldn’t Understand”

By Thomas Arkle Clark

This Business of Government

By Robert H. Richards

The Romance of the Royal Mounted

By Robert Stead

Mr. Mulks’ Terrible Whoops

By Ellis Parker Butler

The Dawn of Motoring

By Elizabeth Jordan

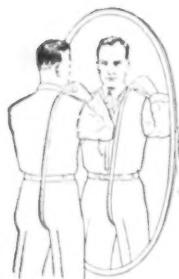
New Rotary Officials Elected at Ostend

See pages 4 and 5

July, 1927

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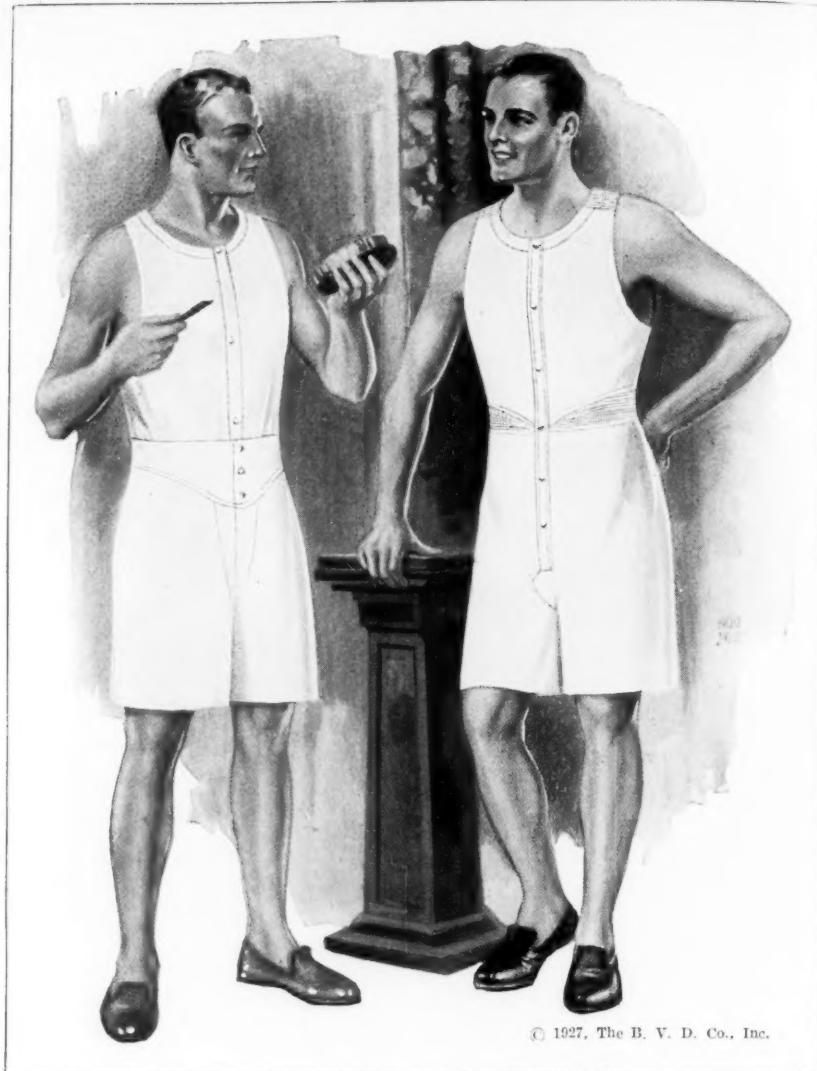
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The *biscuit and the ad*

THERE'S a blank sheet of paper lying white on the window sill. A can of baking powder resting on it, and a white, fluffy pinch of the powder itself. Taste it. It seems good. Yet you'd have to consult your chemist to make *sure* it is good. And have to mix that powder with flour, milk, eggs—make biscuits, cakes with it—to make sure how good it is. Then keep it a month, try it again, to make sure it continues good.

YET if that sheet of paper were an advertisement about baking powder—you'd see a name that stands for quality and purity. You'd read about the fluffy cakes and biscuits that that powder makes—and will continue to make. You'd know more about that powder than if you held the can in your hand.

ADVERTISEMENTS are short-cuts to finding out truths. The truths about everything you want to buy. The names in advertisements are names of solid reputation. The labels in advertisements are symbols of satisfaction. It pays to read the advertisements, for then you know what is good. The products they tell about are being bought, tested constantly. The fact that they're still being advertised is alone proof of their worth.

AN easy, frequent glancing over the advertising pages is better than fallen biscuits, soggy cakes—and other failure buys. If you know what's advertised, you can buy always what's good.



Buying advertised products cancels risk

July, 1927

Mr. W. H. Bishop
9-21-1927

THE ROTARIAN

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Volume XXXI
Number 1*The ROTARIAN*
TITLE REGISTERED U.S. PATENT OFFICEJuly
1927

Official Publication of Rotary International

IN the course of a year THE ROTARIAN presents close to one hundred major articles and fifty shorter articles; also something like four hundred separate items describing a wide variety of activities in which Rotary clubs are interested; a dozen or more short stories selected because of their faithfulness to life and their universal appeal, and the fact that they can be classed, we believe, in the rather restricted group—in these days of many magazines—that is often referred to as being "different." There are also approximately sixty editorials and probably as many as three hundred pictures in the twelve issues of a year.

A communication came to our desk the other day from A. J. Hutchinson, secretary of the Rotary Club of Auckland, New Zealand. It was a copy of a letter which "Hutch" had written to a member of a New Zealand club who had criticized the magazine and who had complained against its cost. "Hutch's" letter is interesting for it is an indication of what a number of small clubs are actually doing in utilizing THE ROTARIAN—especially certain clubs which are off the beaten line of travel, and which have difficulty in securing good speakers.

One of the major troubles of the smaller clubs is to provide an interesting, instructive speaker at the Rotary meetings. These are not so easily obtainable in the smaller towns as in the larger centers. Herein comes the real value of THE ROTARIAN. If I were a small club secretary I would rather lose any other—all other pieces of club literature than THE ROTARIAN.

I have not the slightest hesitation in saying that from any one copy of THE ROTARIAN I could prepare twelve interesting Rotary luncheon programs, not only interesting but instructive from every point of view. I will go further than this—I will undertake, for any Club (in New Zealand) that asks me to do so, to build up an example program and fill in the day's agenda for them.

Another great advantage is that programs built up from THE ROTARIAN develop personality and friendship in the club. In my opinion, the member who complains about the cost of THE ROTARIAN would find fault with 2½ change from a one pound note.

Apropos of all of this, the following comment from the Rotary Club of Shanghai is interesting:

We wonder how many of our members appreciate to the full what a thoroughly readable magazine THE ROTARIAN is, and how much en-

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joyment and profit they are missing when they put it on the office shelf and forget to read it. We are all busy and we all have so much reading matter that it is hard to find time for it all, but if you have looked upon THE ROTARIAN as a sort of free advertising of the international headquarters—of course you are paying good money for it each month!—just try reading it a few months in succession and you will get the surprise of your life.

Robert H. Richards is a prominent member of the Delaware Bar and his office is at Wilmington. He has been Attorney-General of his state, was born at Georgetown, and educated at Dickinson College.

Thomas Arkle Clark, veteran dean of men at the University of Illinois, knows a great deal about fathers. Thousands of them have explained to him just why their boy was different from all other boys—and the dean's problem is to reconcile all these views with the school requirements.

Ellis Parker Butler is one of the best-known American humorists, author of "Pigs Is Pigs." He lives at Flushing, Long Island, New York.

Elizabeth Jordan, editor, author, playwright, lives in New York City where she writes for a chain of newspapers; also short stories for English and American magazines.

Robert Stead is connected with the Department of Immigration and Colonization of the Canadian government. He has written several books on Canadian rural life one of which is now appearing as a serial in an American farm paper. He is a past president of the Canadian Author's League.

Charles Moreau Harger, Litt.D., L.H.D., is an editor and lecturer who lives at Abilene, Kansas, and contributes to many magazines. He has been editor of the *Abilene Daily Reflector* since 1888.

Arthur Melville has been on the staff of THE ROTARIAN for five years. He was born in England; served with the Canadians overseas.

J. M. Meador is an insurance man of Hinton West Virginia, and THE ROTARIAN'S correspondent for the Rotary club of his town.

Millard Milburn Rice moved to Idaho Springs, Colorado, after his health was affected by aviation service at Dallas, Texas. He is a former contributor whom you may remember because of his travel articles.

Kenneth F. Hewins is an instructor of Journalism at the University of Arkansas. He received his degrees from the University of Indiana.

John P. Mullen helps investors to wise decisions through his work as educational director of the Investment Bankers' Association of America.

G. F. Scotson-Clarke, author, was born in Brighton, England, and came to the United States in 1901. He has been art director for various large firms, was on the advisory council of the London County Council Art Schools 1911-1914.

Taylor Erwin Gauthier is a journalist and editor and member of one of the large Rotary clubs in the Midwestern section of the United States.

T. C. Thomsen of Aarhus, Denmark is a former director of Rotary International; classification—cream and oil separators.

THE ROTARIAN is published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, by Rotary International. Harry H. Rogers, President; Chesley R. Perry, Secretary; Publications Committee: Directors; M. Eugene Newsom (Chairman), Donald A. Adams, John T. Symes, Felice Seghezza. As its official organ this magazine carries authoritative notices and articles relating to the activities of Rotary International. In other respects responsibility is not assumed for the opinions expressed by authors. Entered as second class matter, December 30, 1918, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under the act of March 3, 1879. Terms of subscription, 25 cents per copy; \$1.50 the year in the U. S., Canada and other countries to which the minimum U. S. postal rate applies; \$2.00 in other countries.

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ARTHUR H. SAPP

*Huntington, Indiana, U. S. A.
President of Rotary International—1927-1928*

A Message to All Rotarians

EMERSON says an institution is but the lengthened shadow of a man. Rotary is not an institution, but it is the lengthened shadow of Paul Harris and of many men who served with him. That shadow with its wealth of inspiration and fellowship has already touched forty nations. How far reaching the influence of Rotary may come to be we do not know.

The Ostend Convention is now history. From Edinburgh to Ostend is but six years. Yet the strength of Rotary then was 991 clubs and 70,000 members in nineteen nations. Today we have an international family of 2,627 clubs and 128,500 members in forty nations. What shall be our potential strength six years hence we dare not guess.

However, we must not rate Rotary's influence in numbers only, we must live in deeds.

We face a new year of Rotary activity. Building upon the brief yet tremendous traditions of twenty-two years of effort, let us build permanently.

We have attempted to "Keep Rotary Rotary" by stressing fundamentals in our programs of Education. We have sought to "Make Rotary Effective" by emphasizing community service and business methods. Let us continue this year and "Take Rotary Seriously" in the work of each individual club. May we not make this year the best our club has ever had, so that next June we may gather at Minneapolis and honestly say, "We have traveled faithfully another mile."

ARTHUR H. SAPP,
President of Rotary International.

Convention Opened By H. M. King of the Belgians

The Convention was opened on Monday morning by King Albert who said in the course of his stirring message, "Rotary principles make good servants of the state and develop amongst the citizens of a nation and of society the true friendship that is the great need of the world."

His Majesty added that "friendliness in international relations can be fostered by friendliness in international trade."

The Convention closed on Friday with an address by Canon W. T. Elliott, a ringing challenge to Rotarians to fulfill the responsibilities of business and professional community service, and to realize the great possibility of Rotary as the integrating force of a great moral idea.

Six thousand five hundred forty delegates and guests were registered, and thirty-eight countries were represented. Eighty-nine per cent of all clubs were represented.

Generally speaking the Sixth Object was the goal most stressed by the Convention speakers, most evident in the actions of the visiting Rotarians. Like King Albert himself they were all thrilled by the trans-Atlantic flights, saw in these and similar peaceful expeditions new hope for world relations. One of the fliers, Colonel Lindbergh, was unanimously elected to honorary membership in the Rotary Club of St. Louis, Missouri, cabled his thanks.

Action on Resolutions:

- No. 1.—extending the time for making up Rotary attendance—was adopted.
- No. 2.—omitting the word "Rotary" from the Sixth Object—was adopted.
- No. 3.—establishing administration—was adopted without changing the status of RIBI unit.
- No. 4.—revising Standing Committees—was adopted with amendments providing for finance committee and changing Community Service Committee to Community Service and Boy's Work Committee and omitting the term "sub."
- No. 5.—changing sequence of Rotary events—was adopted.
- No. 8.—to improve terminology used in constitutional provisions concerning additional active membership—was adopted.
- No. 11.—amending the by-laws referring to increased contributions by member clubs—was adopted with the provision that clubs must be given six months notice of proposed changes in the per capita tax, effective January first following adoption.
- No. 12.—making constitutional provision for the Endowment Fund—was adopted with amendments.
- No. 16.—as adopted—gives all past international officers and past presidents of territorial or national units, badge, seat and floor privileges in Convention.

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"Father Wouldn't Understand"

By Thomas Arkle Clark

Dean of Men, University of Illinois

IT IS characteristic of fathers to pretend indifference to their sons and to show little emotion or affection in their relations with each other, and yet there is nothing so pleases a man as to have his first-born a boy. Whenever you hear a father say that he is delighted that the first baby is a girl, you can be sure that he is trying to meet disappointment with a smiling face and to make the best of a bad job. The proudest moment in a man's life is when he has a son. And whatever a boy may say and however indifferent he may appear, his father, if he will play the part with even indifferent success, is the child's greatest hero. All boys exaggerate at times

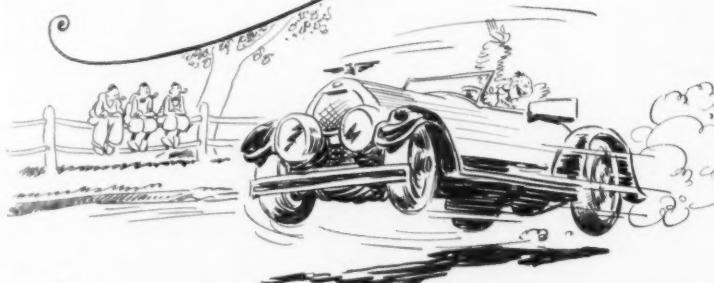
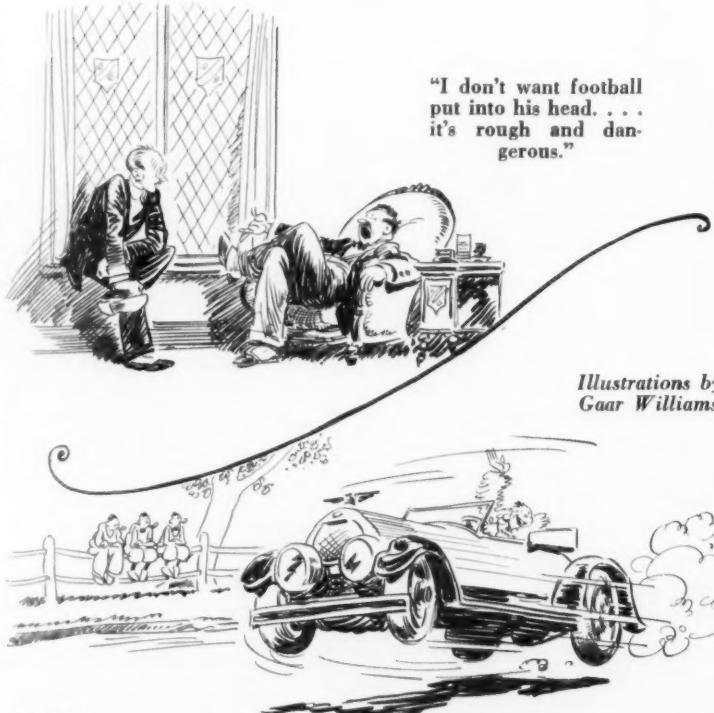
and lie perhaps in their enthusiasm to make a good story, but in nothing else do they exaggerate so glibly or lie so convincingly as in relating the escapades and the accomplishments of their fathers. In no one else's eyes can we be so great, if we will but give them a little to boast of, as in the eyes of our sons. The pity is that we are often such unsuccessful, unheroic heroes.

Whatever a boy is or becomes after he is twelve is largely the product of himself and of his father. Mother is pretty much responsible in the early years of a boy's life if father lets her have her own way with the children, as, in order to be rid of responsibility, he not infrequently does; but after that, father's influence, father's example, counts for most, and there are a good many things he cannot ignore or neglect if his boy develops as he would like to have him do.

Every father should have his boy's confidence, but he will fail to get it unless he is sympathetic and has the understanding heart. Most fathers whom I have known have forgotten that they were ever young, and thoughtless, and lazy possibly. They have forgotten that they were ever derelict in any way or fiercely in love at eighteen or younger, even, as I was—but she was a very pretty girl to whom I first

"I don't want football put into his head. . . . it's rough and dangerous."

*Illustrations by
Gaar Williams*



I knew that he had been and was still, and I knew, too, that he would probably laugh at his son's situation, and there is nothing that so cuts a boy as being laughed at for his emotions. "Father wouldn't understand." What a tragic note in the relationship of a father and his boy.

Nothing else counts with a boy so much as example. He doesn't want to be lectured; he doesn't care a great deal for advice excepting on those rare occasions when he asks for it; he doesn't pay as much attention as he should to the principle of action and conduct which you lay down for him. He'll be very likely to do what you do—swear or chew tobacco or talk back to his mother.

Bob, aged ten, was running around with a great handkerchief dangling from his hip pocket.

"Why don't you tuck your handkerchief in?" mother asks. "It doesn't look nice hanging out that way."

"That's the way daddy does it," the boy answers, for daddy is rather careless about his personal appearance, and Bob is following his lead.

lost my heart! They have forgotten, strange as it may seem, all the doubts and fears and struggles of adolescence and the hunger they felt for proper sympathy and understanding and guidance. Your boy ought not to be afraid to tell you anything, no matter how emotional it is, or how foolish or even how wrong, and he ought in telling to get the sympathetic hearing which he wants. I believe he would get this more often than he thinks if he only dared venture—for father sometimes wears a hard crust of pseudo-sternness and indifference over a very sympathetic heart.

Young Graves was in a good deal of a mess and was going upon the rocks through worry. There was nothing unwholesome in his situation. He had foolishly spent more than his allowance; he was terribly in love with a girl who didn't give a hang for him; and as a consequence his grades were not likely to make him eligible for Phi Beta Kappa.

"Have you told your father?" I asked him.

"I wouldn't dare," he said. "Father wouldn't understand. He'd jump on me for overdrawing my account and being low in my grades and he'd laugh at me for being in love. Do you suppose father ever was in love?"

GIBBONS has always sent his boys to Sunday School. He isn't religious himself, and he doesn't go to church but he appreciates the value of these things. He is surprised that the boys lose interest at about fourteen and stay at home as their father does and read the Sunday paper and listen to the radio. It is all right for mother to go to church, but they would rather stay at home with father. He would rather they did not smoke, and he shrinks back a little when the thought of their drinking to excess comes into his mind. But they knew before they got into high school the stimulating effects of cigarettes, and they knew, too, where the whiskey bottle was kept, and they had satisfied their curiosity more than once as to how the liquor tasted and what its effects are upon the brain. If father did it, why not they? Few boys want to be better than their fathers.

I had certain doubts in my mind as to how Hunt's boy would turn out, for the boy is an only child and Hunt is in good circumstances, and too often the only child has an easy but a dangerous path to tread. Only children are coddled; they too often have coonskin coats and high-powered roadsters, and little if any acquaintance with work and responsibility. Hunt has fooled me. The boy is in college now, as his father was. I noticed Hunt's name in the list of patrons of the last dance which the boy's fraternity had given. Hunt is keeping in touch with things. The two were together at church last Sunday. Hunt was cleaning up the yard while the boy was washing the car as I went by their house not long ago. The car could have been sent to the garage just as easily, but Hunt thinks it is good for the boy to work. The two play golf together at the country club, and it's quite uncertain which one wins. The boy went to Sunday School with regularity, but he evaded church.

"I wish you'd go to church," Hunt said to him one day. "It's good for a boy to go to church."

"I'll go to church if you'll go to Sunday School," the boy answered. Hunt was game; he joined the men's class, and is there every Sunday.

A boy's habits are forming and forming rapidly between the ages of twelve and sixteen. Boys change little in the direction which they are taking after eighteen or twenty. Few fellows are changed, excepting in intensity, by going to college for instance. Interest in work — physical work I mean—and play and study are the most important interests he can develop during these years, not forgetting of course the principles upon which character is based; and father can determine more surely than anyone else the development of these interests.

The character of the physical work a boy does is not so important as that he take the responsibility for doing something. How I

hated the daily chores on the farm. There were the cobs and a bucket of coal to bring in, there was the water to pump for the cattle, a few hogs to feed and two cows to milk. The fact that I ultimately learned to do these tasks without being told was, I think, the greatest triumph in my education. I am reaping the benefits of it today when tasks innumerable pile up upon me to be done. It is something to have learned to complete a task, no matter how simple it is. The father, no matter how much money he has, who does not teach his boy to work and to respect work is making the gravest mistake that he can be guilty of in the boy's education.

GRAVES has just been dropped from college after hanging on by his eyelashes for a year and a half. He is a strikingly good looking young fellow, with a strong vigorous body and an engaging manner and a most appealing personality, and no vicious habits of any sort. He doesn't even smoke. He is the sort of boy who wins attention and popularity wherever he goes and with everybody he meets. He has had an easy time at home, plenty of money, beautiful well-fitting clothes, a car of his own, and no unpleasant tasks to perform. He had gotten

through prep school easily and had really never done a stroke of hard work, mental or physical, before he came to college, and he didn't do any after he got there. That's why he had to leave college—he wouldn't work. Now his father before him had known little else but hard work when he was a boy; it was hard work that had put him where he is today; but he had never taught his boy to work. That was why the boy had failed, and father was more to blame than the boy.

Sooner or later, and sooner generally than most fathers remember, the boy is going to learn a good deal about sexual things. He picks up a good deal as soon as he starts to school, and what he learns is likely to be distorted and vulgar. By the time he enters high school or at least when he has reached fifteen he has pretty complete information and a fairly definite slant on these important subjects, and what he knows is almost always scientifically and morally wrong. It is from his father that the boy ought to learn something of normal sexual development and desire, of the necessity of developing self-control and of keeping his body sacred and clean. It is father and not the hired man who should satisfy his curiosity. Not one boy out of a score does get this information from his father,

and more boys go wrong from this lack of knowledge than from any other cause. Fathers are afraid; they don't know what to say, they explain; but the vulgar hoodlum on the street knows, and he is not reticent about telling what he knows. Sometimes the more courageous father slips a book into his boy's hand and tells him to read it, but commonly he lets his boy discover the vital things of his own existence as chance may bring them to him, and trust to luck that he does not go wrong.

A boy makes friends early, and these friendships should include both boys and girls. Mother will look after his manners, no doubt, and will (Contin'd on p 54)



"In no one's eyes can we be so great as in the eyes of our sons."

This Business of Government

—and its relation to the individual

By Robert H. Richards

HERE are those that believe the greatest service rendered any community by a single individual is to be found in the magnificent struggle of Demosthenes, the Athenian, to prevent the absorption of the democracy of Athens by the Macedonian king.

He failed. He was condemned to death. Rather than permit his body to be violated, he swallowed poison. He suffered the most poignant pain that renouncing life inflicts, the pain of "having to cast into the unfathomable gulf of the infinite the high aspirations that give to existence its fleeting nobility."

His struggle was a purely spiritual one. He led no armies on land, commanded no fleets upon the bosom of the sea, but for years, by his matchless eloquence, steadfastness of purpose and incorruptible character, he inspired the most brilliant people the world has known with the will to preserve their liberty at the expense of their ease and pleasure. He failed because the Athenian people failed him. Defeat was not necessary. On former occasions the Athenians had successfully withstood more powerful assaults than those of the Macedonian, but Demosthenes lived into a generation of his countrymen who failed to realize that their intellectual greatness as a nation could not survive the loss of their liberty. And so that which was Greek civilization became scattered and eventually lost, save as a priceless legacy to succeeding civilizations.

What has all this to do with community service as envisaged by the Rotary club? I do not know. I am not a Rotarian. But I have read your "Resolution No. 34" and I have read your "Guide to Community Service." The former tells me that "fundamentally Rotary is a philosophy of life that undertakes to reconcile the ever-present conflict between the desire to profit for one's self and the duty and consequent impulse to serve others," and I find in the latter that the "Fourth" objective a Rotary club is organized to accomplish is "the betterment of the member's home, his town, state and country, and of society as a whole."

A philosophy so broad and a purpose so all-embracing embolden me to bring to your attention the fact that the term "Community Service," as contem-

THE first aim of government, the author believes, should be to maintain public order since without such order civilization is impossible. All other aspects of government should be subordinate. The individual should estimate government in the light of his business or professional experience, and should never allow partisan politics to interfere with the application of scientific methods. Good government is that system of restraints best adapted to the needs of those governed.

plated by your organization, has a connotation far beyond local welfare work, far beyond health conditions, far beyond city beautification, far beyond the charities of your city, far beyond the activities of a chamber of commerce. Indeed, it has a meaning that extends into and embraces the realm of government in all its aspects.

This need give you no pause. It involves no necessary collision with partisan politics. Government and politics belong in different realms. The latter, however, tries to make a perpetual association with the former.

From the viewpoint of the human being, government is the most important thing in the world. Without it there would be no such thing as private property, no art, no science, no religion, no civilization. Without it in some form, the human animal would still be crouching naked in caves on the river banks, with no fire with which to cook his food. And yet, in the last century, during which the application of scientific methods to material things has wrought results that have surpassed the wildest dreams of the most active imaginations of preceding years, is it not strange that men have not applied scientific methods to government?

When any one of us here looks back over the span of his own life and thinks of the wonderful contributions to the welfare and happiness of mankind that have been made within his recollection by the application of scientific methods in the fields of chemistry and physics,

the picture presented is startling. It is kaleidoscopic. It touches the material things of human life at almost every point. We wonder who has rubbed Aladdin's Lamp, but we soon cease to wonder. That astonishing application of scientific discovery to human utilization which is the wonder of today becomes the accustomed necessity of tomorrow. And yet these thousands of human beings throughout the world who now for years have been silently working in laboratories and elsewhere, with microscope and test-tube, with such marvelous results, have not yet inspired mankind with a realization of the fact that the application of scientific methods to government will confer upon the human race benefits that are as far beyond our ability to now comprehend as the radio was beyond the grasp of Benjamin Franklin, the leading electrician of his age.

GOVERNMENT is a system of restraints. Free government is one in which the restraints are imposed by the people who are governed. The restraints are embodied in what we call laws. It is as obvious to you, as to me, that both the making of laws and their administration should be entrusted to those of the people who are best fitted for such tasks. In a government where those who make the laws as well as those who administer them are chosen by those who are governed, from among themselves, it would seem natural to expect that those best fitted to legislate and those best fitted to administer would be chosen. In the United States, and I believe in other free governments, this attempt is so feebly made as to have scarcely any effect on the character of the government. Yet in practically every important form of human activity today, other than government, serious effort is made for the attainment of efficiency, which involves the choice, the adoption and the use of agents and instrumentalities best adapted to attain the result desired.

The desideratum of government is that it should be the best government for those who are governed. What is the best government cannot be accurately defined. It would seem that the ideal government is that which, while preserving perfect public order, imposes so slight financial burden upon its citizens and infringes so slightly

pon their individual freedom of action, that they have to be otherwise reminded of its existence.

Government exists primarily for the purpose of preserving order. All its other functions are secondary to this purpose. No function should be assumed by government that jeopardizes the most perfect accomplishment of its primary purpose. Government is not and never was, by any intelligent group of individuals, designed to be an eleemosynary institution. There are indications, however, that some of the free governments of the world, including that of the United States, are drifting in this direction. The inevitable end of such a course, or lack of course, is final disaster.

It is everywhere apparent today that those who hold office; that is to say, those who conduct government, are motivated very largely by the anticipated effect their conduct will have on their ability to continue in office or on the continuance in power of the political party with which they are affiliated. The percentage of disinterested service in government conducted by such people must of necessity be small. The resulting quality of the government is poor.

THREE are those in the United States who boast that their government is the best government in the world. Whether this boast be justified or not, certain it is they not only do not enjoy the best government reasonably possible, but, on the other hand, they endure bad government. Why do they endure it? There is no reason why they should. The 120,000,000 people in the United States possess the ability to provide themselves with the best government possible for the human race. Why is there no general interest in government? Why do not the people want the best possible government? Why are they content to pay huge taxes and see their money wasted? Why are they pleased, instead of being ashamed, when their Congressman disgraces himself by succeeding in back-scratching out of the public treasury a \$50,000 postoffice for some village within his district? They know perfectly well the Congressman is merely throwing them a sop for future favor.

The ideal of service was not discovered by the Rotary club, but your organization has done and is doing a wonderful work in causing the idea to permeate the mass consciousness of the people and in bringing them to a realization of the fact that service is indeed an ideal.

Your organization declares that its first object is "to encourage and foster the ideal of service as the basis of all worthy enterprise." What more inspiring objective can any man have than

that of making service the ideal of the greatest enterprise the human race has ever engaged in or ever can engage in, the enterprise of government, an enterprise in which the human race must forever engage as a matter of self-preservation, and an enterprise that directly affects the welfare and happiness of every human being within the scope of its influence.

Government is the grandest field for service the human mind can conceive, but it is shunned, for the most part, by those who are inspired by the ideal of service. The men of brains and force and high character today are to be found chiefly in the great business enterprises of our civilization. These great machines of production and distribution, guided by the best ability the world produces, work with a precision and effectiveness that are marvelous. What would be the result if the same talent and high character that guides them were contributed, or drafted, to guide the machinery of government?

Did you ever attempt to persuade any of the most prominent business men of a community to accept public office? If you have, you know that look they give you. It implies either that they think you are feeble-minded or that they suspect you think they are. The reasons they give for refusal are that they would not subject themselves to the unpleasantness necessary to get the office, or that they do not care to occupy a position where a large part of the people suspect them of being crooked whatever they do, or that they would not be able to accomplish anything worth while because the machinery of government is so clogged with selfish time-servers that it would be impossible for one man to accomplish anything beneficial.

Why do a large part of the public look with suspicion upon persons in office? The men who hold public office in a good government will be held in higher honor than any other individuals, and they should be. What higher

honor can come to any man than that of participation in the administration of the greatest trust of which the human mind can conceive? Titles of nobility sink into insignificance in comparison with the honor attached to the conception of participation in uniformly good government. George Washington possessed no such title. He spurned the suggestion. Yet what name, in all ages, by all the world, is given higher honor than his? Whence comes the honor that surrounds his name? Not from his achievements on the field of battle. Napoleon far surpassed him. Not from the fact that he was America's first president. But from the splendid example he gave the world of unselfish service in the realm of government.

THE quality of government must be improved. A uniformly good government is the ideal to be sought. This ideal cannot be attained without the inspiration of the ideal of service. If uniformly good government cannot be had, as I believe, except by the administration of government by those best fitted for the task, a way must be found by which the selection of individuals to administer government is confined to those who have previously been determined to be best fitted, with constant opportunity for all individuals to qualify themselves to be included among those who are best fitted.

What would be the method of determining who are best fitted, I do not suggest. It is a problem no single individual should attempt to solve. That it can be solved, however, I have no doubt. In 1917, when the United States found itself confronted with the task of preserving the idea that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed," there was quickly devised a method by which the high duty of defending that idea on the field of battle was entrusted to those who by the application of scientific methods, were determined to be the best fitted for the task.

This is an age of propaganda. Many ideas, some good, some bad, are being advanced by its use. Too much, I fear, is taking the place of individual reflection and thought.

I do not suggest that Rotary enter the realm of partisan politics, but I do urge Rotarians to give serious consideration to the suggestion I have tried to make here, that no higher form of community service can be conceived than that which seeks to improve the quality of government and that such contribution as your organization can make to inspire the public with the ideal of service in government will go far toward the attainment of a system by which those who administer government must be chosen from those best fitted for such service.





"The men in the place did go wild then. Never had such a noise been heard in Wimmis."

Mr. Mulks' Terrible Whoops

By Ellis Parker Butler

Illustrations by Raeburn Van Buren

CITIZENS of the town of Wimmis often put their hands on the arms of visitors when a little fat man passed.

"Look!" they would exclaim. "That's Joseph Chimester Mulks—that little fat man in the gray hat."

"Not the Joseph Chimester Mulks, the one who wrote *Bold Silence*?" the visitors would cry.

"Yes; Joseph Chimester Mulks. He lives here," would be the proud answer. "He lives on Fern Avenue; we'll walk around that way and you can look at his house."

"Oh, that will be lovely! Aunt Anna will be so excited to hear I saw Joseph Chimester Mulks and his house. I hadn't the slightest idea he lived here."

If Joe Mulks—for so the people of Wimmis spoke of him when not showing him off to strangers—lifted his hat one saw that he had a considerable bald spot and that it was smooth and

glossy, as if polished. When he stood and talked, which was often, one saw that the lowering of his jaw tightened the skin of his temples and upper cheeks and then it could be seen that his skin was also smooth and glossy, as if polished. This phenomenon is one that close observers may have noticed in other men; when the head is bald and smooth and shiny as if polished the skin of the upper face is also smooth and shiny as if polished. It is possible that skin of fine texture that takes a high polish may indicate proneness to baldness. In any event Joseph Chimester Mulks was quite bald and had become so while quite young.

Mr. Mulks' own explanation of his baldness was that when he was young he did most of his writing at night with a lamp on the table in front of him and that this brought the top of his head close to the heat and light. The heat, he thought, burned out his hair

while the light overstimulated it. It had grown, he thought, too rapidly and was thus too tender, so that the heat dried it up and caused it to perish. He may have been right. The fact remains that he was bald.

Had he not been bald there is little question that Joseph Chimester Mulks would have worn rough woolly garments and a slouch hat, especially had nature given him greater stature, but he had a feeling that he would look ridiculous in rough woolly garments when his head was so smooth and shiny and he wore smooth worsteds of somewhat unobtrusive designs, and his only concession to his desire for the conventional was his gray soft hat. He wore this with the brim turned down in front to indicate that he had been born west of the Mississippi.

If the citizens of Wimmis had told their visitors that Mr. Mulks was the leading drygoods merchant of Market

Street no one would have doubted the statement. He did not look like an author and he did look like a drygoods merchant—like a prosperous one. No one would have suspected that Mr. Mulks went on terrible whoops. But he did.

"Papa is on another of his terrible whoops," his daughter would say when Mr. Mulks was on one of them, and to anyone who wanted to know where he could be found she would add "I don't know where you can find him. Try Wimmis 7804 or Wimmis 4329. If he isn't there you might call up Mrs. Bannick and ask her if she knows where Mr. Bannick is, because papa is probably with Mr. Bannick."

THE first whoop that Mr. Mulks indulged in was a rather mild one and occurred the year he moved to Wimmis with his family. He had just written *Bachelors' Wives*, a very nice novel that had done well, and he always felt uneasy after completing a piece of work. Perhaps that is why he moved to Wimmis. Moving was a variety of agitation. If he had lived in the west he might have gone out on a pony, shooting two revolvers in the air, and have thus worked off his uneasiness, but this cannot be done in New York, and he moved to Wimmis. He was hardly in the house before Mr. Bannick called on him.

Mr. Bannick was a tall rangy man, endowed with immense energy and enthusiasm, and he was in the commission business in New York but had his home in Wimmis.

"I saw you had moved in," he said when Mr. Mulks had led him into the living-room. "No, I won't take off my overcoat; I can't stop a minute."

"This is Mrs. Mulks," said Mr. Mulks, indicating his wife who sat by the table.

"My name is Bannick," said Mr. Bannick. "I live across the street yonder, Mrs. Mulks, and we're glad to welcome you to Wimmis. Great little town! I want you to lend me Mr. Mulks for an hour or so. We're having," he explained to both at once, "a little meeting down at the Town Hall to see what we can do about the Wimmis Coal Fund. Last year the Wimmis Coal Fund distributed \$238 worth of coal to needy families, and this year they have only \$62 on hand, and it looks like a hard winter. They asked me to see if I could stir up some interest in the Fund, and I want Mr. Mulks to come down with me and help talk it over and see if we can think of anything to do."

"Well—" said Mr. Mulks doubtfully, "I was going to try to write tonight—"

"Oh, go along, Joe!" urged Mrs.

Mulks, who saw that he wanted to go with Mr. Bannick. "It will do you good."

So Mr. Mulks went. He put on his neat overcoat and his hat and went with Mr. Bannick. Mrs. Mulks went on with the sewing she was doing.

"It will do him good," she said to her daughter. "He is always so nervous when he has finished one thing and is trying to begin another."

It was midnight before Mr. Mulks returned to his home but his wife was waiting up for him because she still felt strange in their new neighborhood and he had not taken a key. She did not like to go to bed and leave the door open. She yawned and smiled when he entered.

"They're a great bunch of people!" Mr. Mulks said enthusiastically. "Bannick is a wonder. It seems that this Coal Fund has been dragging along for years, Dora, and the most money they've ever had at one time is \$300, but Bannick jumped right in tonight and took hold."

"How much did you give?" asked Mrs. Mulks.

"Give?" asked Mr. Mulks, not quite understanding the question. "Oh, you mean give! Nobody gave anything; we're not that far along yet. We just organized. I'm Vice-President," he added with no little pride.

"Vice-President? Of the Coal Fund?" asked Mrs. Mulks, quite surprised.

"NO; I don't know who all the people were," said Mr. Mulks. "I didn't get their names. No; Bannick doesn't go about it that way. As soon as we got there he took right hold of everything. 'I don't want to find fault,' he said, 'and we all know this Coal Fund has been doing a good work, but it looks to me as if you had been running in a hand-to-mouth way. You've had a little bridge party and raised ten or twelve dollars, and some other small thing and raised a few dollars more. That's all. Now you ought to buy coal in car-load lots and have a shed to store it in; buy in April when coal is low. What you need is a couple of thousand dollars, but you might as well do the thing right while you are about it. You ought to

(Continued on page 56)

"Well, we're going to show this old town of Wimmis something," he said. "We're going to have a ten-day drive for one hundred thousand dollars, and we'll get it, too!"





One of the first automobiles—a model of 1903—the ungainly predecessor of the high-powered, luxurious motor-car of today.

The Dawn of Motoring

By Elizabeth Jordan

A MIDDLE-AGED couple recently motored to Newport from their home in Massachusetts. They are a charming pair—tolerant, understanding, active, and still much in the ring of life. But they liked their ease, and they saw to it that this particular journey, like all their present automobiling, was made with the maximum of luxury and comfort supplied by present conditions and inventions.

They traveled in a new eight-cylinder sedan, whose equipment included everything the best mechanical minds could devise and the most beauty-loving decorator could supply. At an average speed of forty miles an hour they swept along broad, oiled roads whose surfaces were as smooth as table tops. The only sound attending their progress was the soothing purr of the car's engine and the occasional mellow tone of its horn. They breezed through large cities and little villages, getting flashing glimpses of century-old elms, of white houses with green blinds, of sketches of serene and beautiful country. They swept over mountains, down into valleys, and over mountains again. Every road was clearly marked, or if it was not a word or gesture from a traffic policeman sent them on their uninterrupted way. They stopped for nothing, though signs all along the route urged them to stop for many things—for gasoline and oil, for tea, for waffles, for "hot dogs," for lunch, for dinner. All the windows of the sedan were open but there was no dust. The quality of the air that fanned them was tonic. As they neared the coast

it took on the sharper tang of the sea. It was at this point that the middle-aged woman spoke.

"Kate says there's some construction going on just below here," she remarked. "The road is passable, but at least a mile of it is cut up and rather rough. The detour is over a dusty little country road. So let's swing off and go through Gatesville. It's only twelve miles out of our way."

They swung off and avoided the dusty detour, making the additional twelve miles in eighteen minutes. At exactly half past one they stopped at the entrance of Newport's most luxurious hotel. The middle-aged man looked at his watch.

"Almost a hundred and sixty miles in four hours," he said. "Not bad. Of course we could have made better time if we'd wanted to. But we're here for lunch." And he added virtuously,

"Besides, there's too much fast driving on the roads these days."

Their immaculate appearance was so undimmed by their journey that it was hardly necessary to go to their rooms and freshen up for luncheon, but of course they did so. As the middle-aged man brushed his hair he suddenly turned to his wife with a twinkle in his grey eyes.

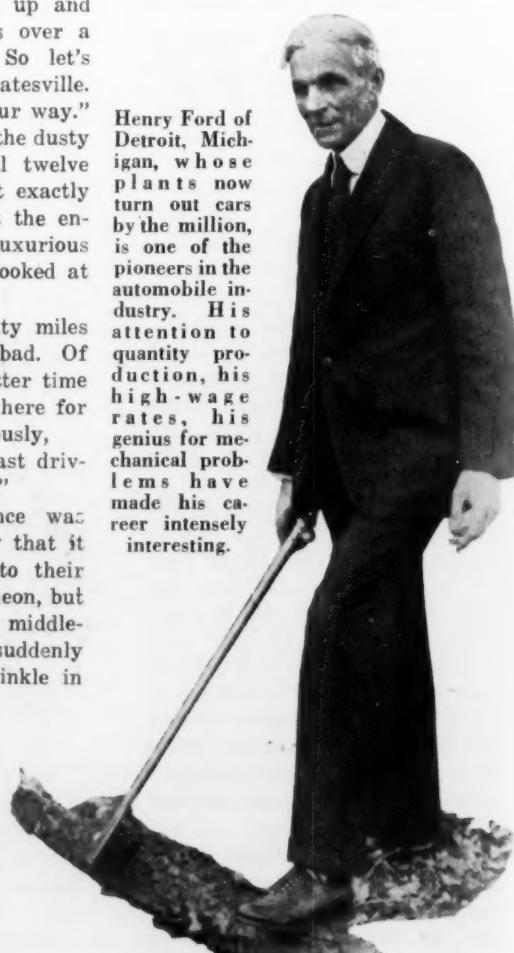
"Do you remember our first long automobile trip—a quarter of a century ago?" he asked her.

"It's odd," she said. "I hadn't thought of that experience for years, till this morning; but I've been thinking of it ever since we turned

off to avoid that mile or so of country road. I'm ashamed of having turned off. We've changed since those days, Ed. We're getting soft and lazy."

"There's some change in motoring conditions, too," Ed grinned. "We've

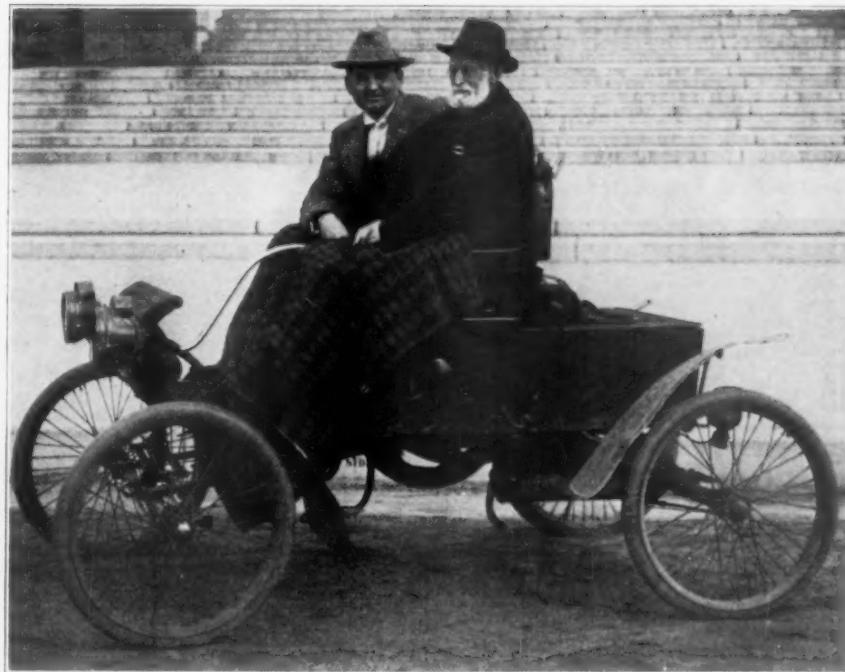
Henry Ford of Detroit, Michigan, whose plants now turn out cars by the million, is one of the pioneers in the automobile industry. His attention to quantity production, his high-wage rates, his genius for mechanical problems have made his career intensely interesting.



certainly had our share of hardships." And for the next hour, over their ménage, they lived again that first automobile journey in the dawn of this century, while its various episodes flashed before them, moving pictures on the silver screen of memory. They were newly-weds then, young, poor, eager, desperately in love, the groom determined to open the world as an oyster and find a pearl in it for his bride, the bride equally determined to help him in all his ventures. He was a progressive young man, with ideas ahead of his time, and he had hitched his star to the new horseless carriage which was just beginning to appear on public roads. His car was a two-cylinder, air-cooled "run-about," chain-driven, with no top, no wind-shield, no self-starter. Its ignition was furnished by two small dry batteries, which ran out at near intervals and had to be replaced. The machine was the A.1 model of its manufacturer. A few other cars had already made a mild beginning, but this was the first automobile its maker had ever built that really got on the road. It was the job of the bridegroom to keep it there, and to find agents for it.

On the day the middle-aged pair were recalling, he was to make his first journey out into the world with this car, confining its flight to northern Indiana; and his bride, appalled by the perils of the prospective expedition, had

Below—One of the first "horseless carriages" ever produced by the Haynes Automobile Company of Kokomo, Indiana. **Inset**—Elwood Haynes, president of the company, who designed America's first mechanically successful automobile and built cars in 1893-4. Since then his inventions have contributed to the general improvement of automobiles in many ways. He is an honorary member of the Rotary Club of Kokomo.



When this picture was taken this was the oldest Colorado motor-car still in daily use. It was then driven by Dr. W. W. Arnold (near side) oldest practicing physician in Colorado Springs. With him is G. W. Blake first automobile dealer of that city, who sold Dr. Arnold this model on February 12th, 1903.



announced her determination to go with him and share them all.

When she took her place beside him both got the thrill of that big moment. To her he was the greatest of pioneers. To him she was the ideal wife for a

young pioneer to have—a girl ready to risk anything. And so pretty, too! If prospective agents got a glimpse of her they'd be on the hook, for sure. She was dressed in the long trailing cloth skirt of the period, above which rose a linen shirt-waist with a stiff white collar and a four-in-hand tie. A high hat, perched rakishly on her fluffy pompadour, was partly held in place by a veil whose ends floated yards behind her in the breeze as the run-about, now finally under way, raced along at a speed of twenty miles an hour. At every curve the veil threatened to repudiate its responsibilities and the bride clutched her hat with one hand and the side of her seat with the other, while she alternately exulted and trembled.

For five miles, once outside the town from which they had started, the mad pace kept up.

"Wait till some of those fellows who are hesitating over agencies see me let her out like this," the bridegroom said complacently. But even as he spoke his sense of well-being perished. A hay wagon was approaching—a very large hay wagon, drawn by two horses. It was one of the first vehicles they met, for they had made their start at daylight.

At that period all horses disliked all
(Continued on page 60)



Here you see the general administration building and some of the six dormitories of the De la Meurthe Foundation. These dormitories, filled to capacity, provide quarters for more than three hundred French students. Graduates of the Institute of Scientific Farming and other schools plan to provide dormitories for nearly three hundred more.

The University City

Where internationalism is taught by demonstration

By Arthur Melville

HISTORY does indeed repeat itself—but seldom in exactly the same words. A slight shift of emphasis, a little twist to the phrase, and something is said that, though familiar, is not too familiar to be absorbing. Such repetition is now heard at the University of Paris—and the words of the sage muse will find response in the minds of thoughtful people all over the world. Particularly should these words interest college men and women, for as a rule they are rather fond of tradition—even in their most modern schools. It seems desirable to link our education with that of bygone youth because thereby we get some continuity, some stability, in life that seems occasionally torn apart by its own emotion and struggle after knowledge.

Briefly, the Cité Universitaire of Paris with the help of the French Government, proposes to do consciously and on a grand scale what all education does by haphazard contact, what all leading universities do more or less definitely. The University would superimpose international and inter-student

education on class-room instruction; would drive home through the actual presence of many students from abroad the fact that education is a fundamentally cosmopolitan influence.

Before taking up this plan in greater detail, let us review some historical aspects which show why it is especially fitting that the movement should originate there and now. The University of Paris is not only one of the oldest universities but one of the most celebrated. In the early thirteenth century when teaching corporations were chartered under their full sonorous title of "universitas magistrorum et scholarium" the schools at Paris and Bologna were the leaders among those which had developed from the church schools that in turn succeeded the state schools of the Roman empire. Consequently that at Paris served as model for many later universities and despite some severe reverses has never entirely lost its influence.

Following that revival of learning inspired by Abélard and other great teachers, there appeared around the cathedral on the île de la Cité a group of

teachers and students, many of whom were as keen on "dialectic"—their word for philosophy—as their Bolognese brethren were excited over civil law. Gradually system was formulated, each teacher had to be licensed by the cathedral chancellor, and each student had to have a master, and attend classes with some regularity. The bachelor's degree marked the end of apprenticeship and with his master's degree the student gained the right to teach others. His "inception," as it was called, included an inaugural lecture and a formal welcome from his professional colleagues. Soon a Paris or Bologna degree was accepted as a certificate of learning wherever the teacher might go. It took about six years to complete the course, and Aristotle was the final authority for most of the teaching.

A MEDIEVAL university was very different from those we know of. Even a liberal curriculum included no more than civil and canon law, philosophy, rhetoric, logic (general name for science), grammar and theology—although

most schools did not offer this much. Since there were seldom more than two thousand students, special buildings were not often provided. A corner of the monastery or cathedral, a comfortable baronial hall, or a big barn was the classroom, where benches might or might not be supplied. In summer the students could bake under the scorching rays of the sun—in winter they slowed their feet deep in the straw and tucked numb hands into the bell sleeves of their gowns. The long hood that now flaunts its silk lining in academic processions was then also known as both headgear and a handy storing place for crusts! The few parchments that represented text-books were too often the product of careless scribes, and students were required to report any errors found therein so that there might be less misunderstanding of the author.

Latin was then the universal language, and the students listened or made notes while the master went over his Vulgate text, passage by passage, explaining, reasoning, censuring. Stu-

tradesmen and landlords often imposed on the students—many of them foreigners, practically all of them designed for the church. The students were not slow to retaliate and the “town and gown” rows were sometimes serious—clubs being used on slight provocation.

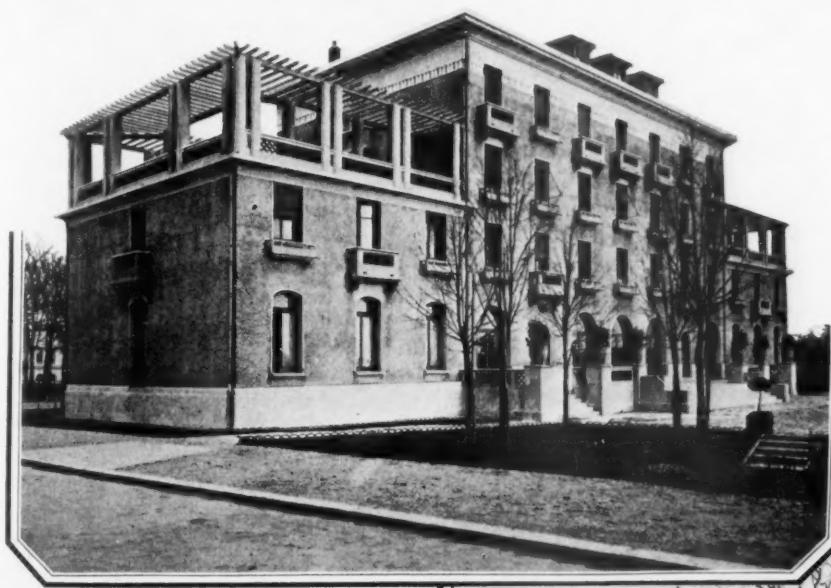
OUT of these mediæval conditions developed the “nations” and likewise the deans, proctors and other disciplinary officials of the university. These “nations” were apparently not so much craft guilds as defensive—and sometimes offensive—alliances of both students and professors who hailed from a certain section. Soon the University of Paris had four such groups (1) the French—with whom were enrolled Spaniards, Italians and Greeks (2) the Picards—natives of the Netherlands and north-east (3) the Normans and (4) the English, including Scotch, Irish, Germans, and those from certain provinces under English rule. These “nations,” which were also found in other schools, were rather a mixed blessing for any university, but at least they

gave the groups some cohesiveness and helped introduce natives of more or less related nations.

Despite all these handicaps the mediæval university had one great tactical advantage—its mobility. When king or pope threatened its existence, or tradesmen made exorbitant demands, it was comparatively simple for the whole university population to betake itself to another town. Many now celebrated schools, such as Oxford and Cambridge, were started by these migrations. As a class the mediæval students were even less prosperous than those of today—and perhaps even more jealous of their special privileges—usually granted by some ruler who, like Frederick Barbarossa, had an eye to future alliances. The personal influence of a great master was often enough to cause a general exodus if he left. When Abelard would have retired students not only sought him out at his hermitage but erected their huts and tents in the vicinity and finished by building him an oratory.

This rapid sketch shows that student nature has not altered so much in seven hundred years. Given a first-class school, foreign students soon appear, and quite often national or state groups are formed. Enquiring youth goes wherever knowledge is dispensed in quantities, taking national customs to exchange frequently for those of other youths equally impressionable. The exchange is speeded by growing appreciation of the real nature of an education. So on many an American campus today one finds the native product matching wit and strength with Chinese, Siamese, Australians, New

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This is the Canadian Foundation Building, first university building erected by those outside France. It was formally opened by H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, and is now occupied by fifty Canadian students.

dents might be any age from thirteen to forty.

Classes must have finished early for little could be done by torchlight—but often the student left his truckle bed at five in the morning. When he was at last free to return to his lodging or seek such entertainment as the tavern afforded, new complications might await him. In those days nationalism and even localism were much more pronounced than now, and business ethics largely a matter of opportunity. Local



Here we have the Belgian Foundation, which was to be opened early this Summer. Fifty of the more than three hundred Belgian students living here will hold annual fellowships providing room, board, and 1,200 francs per month.

Let the Men Do the Work

By G. F. Scotson-Clarke

Decorations by A. H. Winkler

S FAR back as cookery books go, they all seem to be compiled by the hand of the great lady-housekeeper, the wife, the mother, even the spinster who, notwithstanding her great skill, had never been able to indulge her God-given talent for the benefit of one in whom she could boast a proprietary interest. Nearly all but one outstanding classic,—Brillat-Savarin's "Physiologie de Gout"—are by women and for women.

It is true Theodore Child wrote charmingly of the delights of the table, but his recipes are scarcely those that could be followed by the housekeeper of today, and Soyer, the greatest chef of the Nineteenth Century, compiled a huge tome of recipes, the ingredients for which in nearly every dish would demand a war-profiteer's income with pre-war market prices.

Mere man, man for whom most of the cooking is done,—for there is scarcely a woman living who would take the trouble to cook for herself alone,—is not only not consulted but he is not even taken into consideration.

Although the catering for the family is done by the goddess who presides over the coffee pot at the breakfast table and the worm who serves the eggs and bacon is content to sit down night after night to the dinner prepared for him, yet, when it comes to a dinner at a restaurant or an hotel, it is the man, the master of the household, the Lord of Creation, to whom the menu is handed, who selects the viands to be placed before the guests, the wine (in those benighted lands that still squirm under the heel of Demon Rum), wherewithal to slake their thirst and prevent those pangs of indigestion that are apt to follow a meal consumed to the accompaniment of so-called non-alcoholic beverages.

Whence does this genius get his knowledge? Is it that the male is endowed with a latent talent or instinct like the brute creation which tells him of correct combinations? Or is it training that he acquired during his days of bachelor misery? And that brings



to mind a curious fact. At the table of a bachelor or of a widower,—real or grass,—is generally to be obtained a better dinner than that served in a house where love reigns supreme.

And that again suggests another example of the importance cuisine plays in married life. It is always possible for a guest, even the uttermost stranger, to tell on what terms his host and hostess live by the dinner that is served. There can be no happiness, no camaraderie, no "pally feeling" between a man and woman where the dinner is not of super-excellence, no matter how plain and simple it may be.

Women are apt to think that if the table be resplendent with glass and silver and fine linen, flowers, ribbons, gew-gaws and shaded lights,—lights such as a certain politician declared to be dangerous on account of the possibility of one cutting one's mouth!—that the food plays a minor part in the feast. Not so the man. While he likes the "pretties" in reason, he believes that food is the thing at the dinner table as the play is at the theater.

SOME years ago, I knew an old lawyer who always gave the menu to his son, a lad of between thirteen and fourteen years of age, with the request that he order the dinner. The first time I was a guest at one of these repasts I had fears and tremblings, but experi-

ence taught me that the boy was being well trained. (If he ordered a bad dinner his father thrashed him afterwards.) I have often wondered what became of that boy; he ought to have been put into the diplomatic service. On one occasion a publisher asked the late Dr. Maurice Francis Egan, former

U. S. Ambassador to Chile and afterwards to Denmark, to write a book on diplomacy for students wishing to excel in that branch of politics. "It is unnecessary," replied Dr. Egan. "Teach them to order a good dinner."

It is astonishing what a great interest men take

in cookery. I have found that men of all classes and professions will discuss it with gusto. I have talked cookery with premiers and priests; with lawyers and literateurs; with judges and journalists, and once I found a poet who waxed enthusiastic over tripe and onions. And curiously enough nearly every man "fancies himself" as a cook. But, O Ladies! never allow them to cook in your kitchen. They make such a mess of the place as well as of themselves.

I have also found that these great, self-confessed cooks can, as a rule, only cook *one* dish; and as likely as not when faced with the wherewithal, it turns out that they only know how it *should* be cooked and have never actually cooked it. They are cooks in theory rather than in practice and yet, there is somewhere beneath their skin, that longing to emulate the Cordon Bleu.

Where men excel is in camp-fire cookery and there is not a wife living who has not boiled over with wrath as her husband, on his return from a hunting trip in the woods, has told her of the wonderful boiled coffee the guide made, or of the marvelous moose steaks and rainbow trout broiled over the coals.

Nowadays when nearly everybody who possibly can lives out of the great city and has a home either in the country or the near country, there is no reason why the delights of camp-fire cookery should not be made a constant.

if not a regular mode of domestic economy, at all events for the greater part of the year. It is a very simple matter to build an open fireplace in the garden—not too far from the porch or dining-room—a fireplace of stones or bricks that will burn wood or charcoal.

THERE are not a few advantages to this mode of cookery; it keeps the kitchen neat and the house free from the pungent odors: it saves gas, electric current, coal or oil: it is more wholesome and hygienic than any of the foregoing: it is infinitely more palatable and last but not least, nine times out of ten, His Lordship will elect to broil the steak himself! If it turns out all right, he will be in a good temper all the rest of the week, and, incidentally, a few words of flattery will in all probability be productive of a check for a new hat; if it turns out badly, he won't complain but will try again. No man likes to be beaten at a job like this. No real man will calmly sit down and admit he's a failure.

Having built your fireplace, the only utensil necessary is a gridiron,—two gridirons for choice, and keep one for fish. Neither of these, by the way, need ever be washed up. All you have to do after using them is to put them on the fire again and burn them clean. This is much more hygienic than soap and water. Another great thing is that the dinner,—that is, the principal dish,—can be prepared in a few minutes. Added to these sordid advantages is the interest which attaches to a meal cooked this wise, especially if you have guests. The men gather round the little fireplace, each taking a personal interest in watching the steak, shall we say, cook; offering suggestions, nay admonitions, all to be over-ruled by the autocratic host-cook. I know; I have been through it all. Let me describe my own camp fire.

I have a bungalow nestled among the trees on the stony bank of a rippling river. Strangers and city folk call it a "crick," but they only do so once. The penalty of death, or what amounts to it, social ostracism, awaits those who transgress after they have been warned. On this stony bank is an almost completed circle of "nigger heads," about a foot or eighteen inches in height, so arranged as to allow of a clear draught and wide enough to accommodate my large gridiron. Here I build a fire of kindling with small logs of hickory, oak, chestnut, or cedar. This I light some half-hour before I want to start cooking. The great secret is to allow the

fire to burn down until there is a bed of red-hot ashes, free from smoke and especially from any fumes of turpentine that may lurk in the kindling used. While the fire is burning its merry way, I put my steak, a fine, thick porterhouse of about two-and-a-half to three pounds, on the gridiron and salt and pepper it thoroughly. This, of course, is done in the kitchen and, all prepared, it is folded in a large sheet of newspaper. Then the guests arrive. One of them, perchance, with much mystery, produces something which he assures us is "genuine pre-war stuff," and as I am much too modest to deliver a homily on the evils of intemperance, I smother any feeling of unco-guidness and bid him "mix them." The rest of us retire to the fireplace, armed with the gridiron and the folded newspaper. Here in my grate I find a bed of red-hot ashes and gingerly I place the gridiron with its precious burden squarely on the coals. A grateful hiss rewards my efforts and suddenly a most sublime aroma assaults our olfactory nerves. In thirty seconds I turn the steak over to find the side which has been nearest to the fire, a pearly grey, the pores all seared and the meat made gravy proof. I turn it again in another half minute and after that about every two minutes or less according to the fierceness of the fire. As the fat melts, so little flames shoot up, but if these become too strong I throw a little salt on the fire. Smoke discolors the steak and makes it black. The object of constantly turning it is to cook it through without burning it.

One important thing I have not mentioned and it is *most* important. When I first put the steak on I light a cigarette. When the cigarette is consumed, the steak is done. I lift it from the fire, fold it in the newspaper and carry it to the table where the partner in my joys and sorrows is ready with a warm dish. I open the gridiron while she

dexterously slips the steak on to the dish; then one of us carves it. Lovely chunks of steak, each brimful of luscious gravy; the outside slightly charred with that delicious taste that only the wood fire can give it.

Baked potatoes and string beans go remarkably well with this steak. They can be cooked in the kitchen and the beans take the same time to cook, ten minutes, as the steak. The potatoes can be cooked any time before and can be warmed up or kept warm by being arranged in front of the fireplace. Your guests will appreciate them all the more if they think you have cooked them too.

And now, what can be more simple than a dinner of this kind, topped off with a salad and some Roquefort cheese? And believe me, it makes a much greater hit with the guests than a six-course banquet.

I AM the last one to wish to make you envious or jealous, but sometimes my dear river vouchsafes me a trout or two, and these placed on a gridiron between two slices of salt pork and broiled over a hickory fire are a tit-bit, after the tasting of which, you can die with a clear conscience. Some folks, however, cannot rise to a trout. Then try a humble fresh herring, than which scarcely a sweeter fish swims in the ocean. But do not use any salt pork. The herring is fat enough alone.

Get the herrings as large as you can. Cut off the heads. Arrange them neatly on the gridiron and salt and pepper them well. Broil them over a clear fire for about five minutes, turning them very often so that they do not burn. Do not lay them right on the coals but arrange a couple of stones or bricks so that the gridiron is about three or four inches above the fire. The fish has to be cooked through without the skin being burned. When they are cooked it is quite easy to take out the backbone with all the little hairy bones with it. A herring cooked this way is

good enough for the rich uncle from whom you have expectations.

Another excellent dish prepared on the open fire is a "spatchcock."

This is a nice, tender chicken—not an old warrior who has fought and bled through many a mating season and has eventually landed up in the cold-storage warehouse—but a young cockerel weighing from about two to three-and-a-half pounds. Split it

in two right through the backbone. Lay a few slices of very fat bacon on the gridiron and on this lay the two halves of

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"Save 10 Per Cent!" Says Brown

A story of a savings' plan in a large industry

As Told to Charles Moreau Harger

IF fourteen hundred employees in five years were led to save nearly one million dollars and invest that sum in sound securities, in homes, or in eliminating their overhanging debts. If this happened because Cleyson L. Brown, the president of three or four important utilities—power, telephone, traction—at Abilene, Kansas, became weary of urging thrift and seeing his advice unheeded, wouldn't such a plan be worth knowing about? He explains it this way:

"Constantly there came to me reports of men and girls of the working force who were in debt, merchants could not collect bills, installment collectors told of arrears. Looking into the financial history of the employees, I found that mostly they were spending every dollar they earned—often before the wage check arrived. Heads of families were harassed, worried; girls and young men faced a discouraging future. Something ought to be done about it—but what? Advice was tried and it failed. So after careful consideration and investigation I determined that if the employee would not save voluntarily, it was perfectly justifiable, for his own good, to make him save."

That was five years ago—after President Brown had had twenty years' experience as an employer.

For his novel experiment he prepared the way with addresses to meetings of employees, circular letters and definite instructions as to the plan he proposed to inaugurate. On July 1, 1922, his "Savings Plan" began. In charge was a capable director equipped with report blanks, ledgers, and forms. Also there was an investment committee consisting of heads of departments, men who were familiar with finance and thoroughly sold on sound investing. This committee prepared certain rules which, with some minor changes as events have dictated, have been in effect for five years.

Chief of them was: "You Must Save Ten Per Cent! We have no wish to dictate to you what you shall do with ninety per cent of your earnings from the companies," said Mr. Brown to his employees, "but we do feel that it is in the interest of your own welfare that you should save at least ten per cent. Under the new rule each employee must account to the director of savings for one-tenth of his pay check each

EVERY once in a while we meet the man who "can't save a cent!" We recognize the inevitable results of his lack of thrift—perhaps we offer advice, admonition, or sympathy, and there the matter usually ends. Should the employer of such an individual let it rest there? Cleyson L. Brown says "no"; says it emphatically. You may agree or not—but you will admit that this "ten per cent" plan brings results, that it helps the man who would never save otherwise.

month—and this applies to everyone from the president to the humblest lineman. If your check is for \$75.00, you must save and report how you invested \$7.50. If you do not or can not do this," and here was the provision that aroused some impatience at first but was the enforcing feature, "your connection with your company will cease."

THE employees are scattered over a territory one hundred by two hundred miles in extent and include engineers, foremen, telephone girls, construction gangs, bus drivers, trolleymen, bookkeepers, stenographers—a thoroughly cosmopolitan group.

"It was surprising," explained the director of savings, to whom I was introduced, "how many of the employees admitted that not only had they never saved a dollar but were actually owing for the clothes they wore. Young women protested that it was impossible to save—they needed so many articles and prices were so high. We were patient but firm.

"The rules made by the committee were not onerous. In general the idea was that at least ten per cent of the wage payment or salary should be placed where it could be counted—that is, that it should be saved in the large sense. For example, we found—and yet find with new employees, though not often with the older ones—that debts had accumulated and the first thing to establish economic solvency

was to liquidate these. So it was permissible to pay on the list of debts turned over to us ten per cent of the wage check. Then were outlined certain investments, including preferred stock or bonds of ours or of other companies, government bonds, bank savings accounts, building and loan payments, a portion of life insurance premiums and last—and most important in our view—payments on a home. The best employee is one with a home in which he and his family are interested.

"Furthermore, our list of investments is eminently conservative. To insure that no wild-cat securities were purchased, the approval of the investment committee was needed before a stock or bond could be bought—but the choice of the security, within this limit, is entirely up to the employee. An oil-stock salesman interviewed a hundred or more of our employees—he had in past years reaped a rich harvest selling blue sky in our group of workers. The investment committee disapproved of the stock—he did not make a sale. His company never paid a dividend; outsiders who bought lost all their investment. Not an employee has lost a dollar in investment in securities for five years."

"But what is to hinder selling the bonds or withdrawing the bank savings and spending the money?"

The director of savings pointed to a pile of blue cards upon the desk. "These are the hindrances," he explained. Each card was a certificate stating that the signer had saved and invested a certain amount, not less than ten per cent of his salary for the preceding month. The total amount which he had saved since July 1, 1922, was also set down in the signed statement. Proper spaces are provided for entries of the amount saved and how invested the previous month—debts, stock, bonds, home, building and loan, savings bank, etc. Also the statement indicates the name of the company with which investment was made as well as balance left on debts, if any. Every employee must fill out and sign such a card and mail the same to the director of savings before the following month's check is issued—or no check. A ledger account reproducing these reports is kept with every employee.

"Now," continued the director, "once

a year, or thereabouts, we have an inspector check these reports. Suppose Henry Smith, manager of a telephone exchange at Blankville, reports that he has saved or invested a total of \$97. That part he has invested in stocks of our companies is, of course, on record in our office. Henry says he has \$77 in a savings bank—he must show his bank book. Building and loan shares? Paid on debts? Paid on home? Show receipts. Bought bonds? Where are the bonds? It is perfectly simple and in mighty few cases is there any attempt to deceive. Recently one telephone operator claimed she was placing her money in a bank—but she had no bank book. She forfeited her position. If a change in the form of investment is desired the committee is consulted—if the new security is sound the change is approved.

"But do not think we are unreasonable. When illness comes, for instance, even though we carry sick-benefit insurance for all our employees, more money may be needed. All we ask is that the employee come to us and be frank about it—and there is always found a way to adjust matters. Rules are suspended when humanity demands—the plan is not to make life harder but to make it easier. I had a conference this afternoon with a girl who has been buying too many fine clothes on credit. The merchants brought their accounts to us. We do not act as collection agency but I called in the young woman and talked it over with her—she will pay her savings on her debts and start with a clean slate after a while. Our welfare department discusses with the girls their clothing expenditures and seeks to secure simple and modest garb—though we lay down no rules."

"THE habit of thrift grows," said Mr. Brown. "It is like any other habit and my idea is that one can acquire the practice of saving regularly as well as he can any other custom of life. In one of the towns of our territory are a dozen new bungalows which have been built and are being paid for by our employees—I have a list of seventy-eight in the whole ter-

ritory—the direct result of saving for a home. Young folks come to me and say that until they were compelled to save they had never known what it was to have a dollar ahead—now they have a few hundred dollars drawing interest and begin to see what saving means. Just two employees have failed to live up to the requirements and have been discharged—one asked another chance, got it, and is a model worker, with over two hundred dollars now invested in sound stocks. It seems to me the plan is tremendously worth while.

"The criticism that it 'dictates' the handling of the employee's wages is baseless. Nine-tenths of the salary may be spent as the wage-earner desires. The other tenth may be invested in any way that the earner wishes, provided it is really saved, held as a definite investment fund and accounted for. Upon the validity of the security or expenditure the committee decides. That seems to me to be a sound provision and certainly it has secured results in protecting the investment. If the employee prefers to work where he may dispose of all his income as he sees

fit, it is his privilege. If he works for us, he is subject to our rules—and I do not know of a single resignation for this cause."

HOW does the plan actually work?

The best way to find out is to refer to the ledgers. On January 30, 1927, there had been reported in the savings funds of all the employees \$890,109.44. This was the amount since July 1, 1922—55 months, an average of \$16,184 a month. While the requirement is for only ten per cent of the salary checks, the savings reports show that many exceed that percentage and the average is 13.4 per cent.

Taking the figures for January, 1927, there were on the payroll 1,434 employees; their average savings in that month amounted to \$13.88 a total of \$19,903.92. Going back to October, 1926—I am taking these months at random as typical of any of the months of the nearly five years—there were 1,357 employees; they saved an average of \$14.81 each.

It is interesting to note the directions which investment of savings have taken. October, 1926, is a sample. In that month was reported in savings \$19,474 by 1,357 employees. Five hundred and four employees placed \$4,014 in installment payments on preferred stock of the United Telephone Company, one of the associated companies; 180 paid \$2,900 on debts contracted before entering the companies; 112 paid \$1,300 on United Power and Light Corporation preferred stock; 121 paid \$1,282 on building and loan shares; 545 paid \$7,357 on stock of other companies or bonds approved by the investment committee; 192 paid \$2,631 on their homes. The total of these investors is 1,654, many paying on two or more investments.

No financial profit comes to the companies—it costs about \$7,000 a year to maintain the department of savings, with its director's office, inspectors, and the supply of stationery and postage involved. The benefit to the companies, as well as to the worker, arises from the strengthened character of the (Continued on page 50)



Cleyson L. Brown, president of various public utilities with offices at Abilene, Kansas, keeps no employee on his payroll who will not save 10 per cent of the wage paid. This standing order, induced the 1,400 employees to save nearly a million dollars in five years. Bankers sometimes declare the average man runs into debt until he gets a good scare.

Which is better—enforced saving or voluntary suffering?

Surgery by Radio

Its need indicated by noted ship's surgeon

By T. C. Thomsen

EVERYBODY who knows sailors and therefore loves them, feels deeply and sympathetically when he thinks of what sufferings they may be exposed to, far away from the help that men on land can secure very quickly.

Not so very long ago, Dr. Scharling before the Rotary Club of Copenhagen made his first public address about his plan of providing medical or surgical assistance to sufferers through the use of the radio. Dr. Scharling is well known to the public through his work "Around the world on the world's greatest sailing vessel, the Five-Masted Kobenhavn." The Copenhagen club was so impressed by his interesting experiences that it desires to make the idea known as widely as possible, believing that it will be a blessing to humanity.

From Dr. Scharling's address and from supplementary experiences given by several members of the club, the writer has gathered the following illustrations of the usefulness of the idea.

Sailors on board ship who have met with an accident or who have become seriously ill are in many instances in a most deplorable state because they can be treated only by a layman—the master or the mate of the ship—and even if either or both of these (as is required in several countries) has passed an examination to prove his elementary knowledge and skill in the treatment of disease, he is occasionally confronted by unusual and difficult cases which are beyond his knowledge and skill and the sailor is the sufferer.

As an example, let us take a big passenger liner which for many years has sailed with physician and hospital nurses, dispensary and instruments on board. The ship's master and mate have long ago forgotten their medical knowledge because the physician has always been at hand. Then one day a serious case of sickness occurs calling



Dr. Hother Scharling. Above—The Five-Masted Bark, "Kobenhavn."

for immediate skillful and reliable treatment. Perhaps it is a case of incarcerated hernia. If not immediately operated upon, the patient will die. The physician is sent for. He takes his instruments and quickly everything is arranged for the operation, which is not a very difficult one, but at the same time it is a case of life and death for the patient. Then let us suppose some-

thing highly improbable but possible—the doctor falls and breaks his two arms. There is nothing to do but to call the master or mate to perform the operation which he does with the physician supervising and directing the use of the knife. By his presence the physician in spite of his own helplessness gives practical as well as moral assis-

tance to the operating master or mate. The master or mate alone would be afraid to perform the operation, but with the physician beside him, the difference between the trained physician and the anxious and hesitating layman is eliminated.

Let us pass from an imaginary situation with a fortunate outcome to the consideration of what radio wireless telegraphy may offer as a remedy for hitherto unsolvable problems of life and death for our sailor friends.

Even before the world war, shipping made use of the radio in cases of sickness. Masters of ships sent calls out in all directions to find a ship with a physician on board and sometimes they succeeded. One of our Copenhagen Rotarians recalls a terrible event in the China Sea. The typhoon had swept on into a roaring hurricane and the sailing vessel was hove-to for several days and nights. She pitched heavily and shipped constantly mountains of water over the forecastle. In the "well," water to the depth of two or three feet was foaming constantly as a little sea.

The hour was eight bells and the watch on deck "knocked off" while the watch below turned out. Benumbed with cold and tired, Jens Bogoe went from his turn at the helm down the stairs leading from the bridge to the "well" which he had to pass to get into his berth under the forecastle. Then this sailor met with an accident. The heel of one of his boots stuck to the staircase. He fell down to the deck,

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Books are Friends

—and excellent company for every mood

By J. M. Meador

BOOKS are friends. We do not mean by this that *all* books are good books; for books are but the products of men, and all men are not good men. However, we do not recall that we ever read a single book from which we did not derive some benefit, though it were but for the sake of comparison. Nevertheless, it is well for us to remember that in our reading, as in other things, we get out of it just what we put into it.

Festus tells us that —

All Rests with those who Read. A work or thought

Is what each makes it to himself, and may

*Be full of dark meanings, like the sea,
With shoals of life rushing; or like the air,
Benighted with the wing of the wild dove,*

Sweeping miles broad o'er the far southwestern woods

With mighty glimpses of the central light—

Or maybe nothing—bodiless, spiritless.

A good book should be to us a real friend who leads us to the hilltop and points us to the stream that threads its way in the valley, or takes us to the valley and lifts his hand to the crag that frowns upon the slope.

We find an old English song that pleads:

*Oh for a booke and a shadie nooke,
Eyer in doore or out;
With the grene leaves whispering over-head*

Or the streete cryes all about.

*I maie reade all at my ease,
Both of the new and old;
For a jollie good booke whereon to looke*

Is better to me than golde.

Of all the privileges we enjoy, to our mind, there is none comparable to that of our access to the printed thoughts of those who have blazed the pathway to a higher plane of endeavor.

It was Richard de Bury, bishop of Durham, who, in the earliest English treatise on the delights of literature, said of books: "These are the masters who instruct us without rods and ferules, without hard words and anger, without clothes or money. If you approach them they are not asleep; if investigating you interrogate them, they conceal nothing; if you mistake them,



they never grumble; if you are ignorant, they cannot laugh at you. The library, therefore, of wisdom is more precious than all riches, and nothing that can be wished for is worthy to be compared with it. Whosoever therefore acknowledges himself to be a zealous follower of truth, of science, or even of faith, must of necessity make himself a lover of books."

We believe, however, that books are our willing and uncomplaining servants whom we should respect as masters, for they are the teachers who lift us to heights we could not otherwise attain.

Epictetus tells us, "You will do the greatest service to the state if you shall raise, not the roofs of the houses, but the souls of citizens; for it is better that great souls should dwell in small houses rather than for mean slaves to lurk in great houses." And as the sunshine colors and gives fragrance to the rose so are our thoughts and acts influenced by our reading.

We are also inclined to believe that "there is nothing new under the sun," and that our utmost effort can but clothe an old thought with new raiment. If we would talk to you of duty, forbearance, or love, we must do it largely in the language of those who have preceded us; for did not Moses give law to Israel, and the Man of Galilee endure the scourges of the rabble without murmur, and show forth the full measure of love in that he asked, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do?"

Colton informs us that "Anthony

sought for happiness in love; Brutus, in glory; Cæsar, in dominion; the first found disgrace, the second disgust, the last ingratitude, and each destruction."

It is, therefore, well that he who seeks for happiness should follow in the footsteps of a trustworthy guide; and we know of none better than a good book wherein are recorded the thoughts and experiences of those who have trodden the highways our feet must also press. Who runs blindly runs poorly, but who measures his every step with care and presses forward with diligence will attain his goal.

We also find that the reading of wholesome books is inclined to temper our ambition with meekness, till, like Newman, we exclaim:

Keep thou my feet, I do not ask to see

The distant scene; one step enough for me.

It also enables us to retire into ourselves and meditate.

In the writings of Marcus Aurelius we find this wise conclusion: "Men seek retreats, houses in the country, sea shores, and mountains; and thou too art wont to desire such things very much. But this is altogether a mark of the most common sort of men; for it is in thy power whenever thou shalt choose, to retire into thyself. For nowhere either with more quiet or more freedom from trouble does a man retire than into his own soul, particularly when he has within him such thoughts that by looking into them he is immediately in perfect tranquility."

AGAIN, the reading of worthwhile literature is apt to cause us to reflect upon the folly of taking anything out of life for ourselves that all other men could not also have for themselves upon similar terms; and also to make us realize that the giving of a gift with one hand while the other is outstretched for a gift in return, is but the hollow mockery of charity.

Books are friends that adapt themselves to our every mood.

With Twain we laugh at the adventures of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn; with Harris we sit in the cabin of Uncle Remus and listen to the stories of an age that will not return;

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" . . . always ahead of settlement, ahead of civilization, go the scarlet riders, carrying with them the principles of justice and the authority of the dominion which they so nobly represent."

The Romance of the Royal Mounted

By Robert Stead

JUST drunk enough to be dangerous, "Big Bill" Barton terrorized the barroom with his loaded revolver. The place was Saskatchewan, and the time some twenty years ago, when a great rush of settlers was flowing into the new country of Western Canada.

Big Bill—that, of course, is *not* his name — had recently located in the district, and was not yet much acquainted with Canadian barroom etiquette. Therein lay the danger—he didn't know that gun-play is, and always has been, forbidden sport on the Canadian side of "the line." And it would be too late to tell him after some one had been shot.

The crowd in the barroom knew the customs of the country, but they didn't quite know how to explain them to the belligerent stranger. Some one said, "Send for the Mounted Police." The Mounted Police have a genius for elucidating Canadian customs to belligerent strangers.

But Big Bill overheard the suggestion, and it merely whetted his ambition to do something conspicuously bad. "Yes, send for the police!" he roared. "Bring 'em in at that door, an' drag 'em out at this." He indicated the proceeding with a sweep of his unoccupied arm. "This little gatling just loves policemen. It eats 'em alive!"

The crowd began to seep through doors and windows. Those who could

not make a convenient getaway assumed expressions of amiable concurrence in the "bad man's" behavior, hoping not to localize his displeasure upon themselves.

It happened that at that moment down the street came the single representative of the Mounted Police in a territory as big as a New England state. Some one told him he was wanted to play the rôle of corpse in a little drama being enacted in the barroom, and he went in to see about it.

Now if this had occurred in any motion picture play the daring and immaculate rider of the plains would have gone in with at least one gun barking, but Sergeant Whats'-is-Name knew nothing of the technique of the movie director. So he went in like a Mounted Policeman, his hands at his sides, his red coat and shining buttons a conspicuous target in the smoky room.

His composure took the "bad man" off his guard, and, besides, even bad men do not usually shoot a total stranger who has made no belligerent gesture. Before he realized it the policeman was at his side.

"I'll take your gun, please," said the policeman.

And the "bad man" handed it over! "Where do you live?" The settler told him.

"Got your team in the livery stable?" "Yep."

"Well, come along and I'll see you off. It's getting late, and you're not in the best of shape for a long drive."

They went out together and up the street to the livery stable. The policeman ordered the settler's team hitched to his sleigh, saw him in it, and the robes tucked comfortably about him.

"Think you can make it?"

"Sure. I'm alright."

"Because if you've any doubt I'll go with you. We don't want any settlers frozen on the prairie."

"Oh, I'm alright. Giddap!"

THE settler's sleigh crunched out over the snow, leaving behind the lights of the little town; leaving behind, too, the "bad man" of the barroom, forever. He had had an illuminating experience—an experience of law enforcement which is just and courteous as well as firm, and which compels obedience in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred by an almost hypnotic respect for the uniform, rather than by a display of firearms and physical force.

The incident was one of thousands in the experience of the Northwest Mounted Police, later the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, still later, and now, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. It helps to explain why Western

Canada, which had all the natural settings of a "wild and woolly west," escaped the period of lawlessness which has marked other frontiers the world over. Not always was the end so peaceably attained; the policemen's revolvers are not carried entirely for ornament or psychological effect, and once in awhile blood has to flow before reason prevails, but always the end is attained. It has become a matter of tradition that the Mounted Police never weaken and never forget.

To a Nova Scotian, George Adams Archibald by name, belongs the credit for taking the first step which resulted in the organization of this remarkable force. Archibald, who was sent out from Ottawa as governor of Manitoba in 1870, soon recognized the fact that the problem of maintaining law and order was not limited to the then little province of Manitoba. The great area from the Red river to the Rocky mountains, acquired from the Hudson's Bay company in 1869, presented a ready breeding ground for lawlessness. The withdrawal of the authority of the Hudson's Bay company, unless promptly succeeded by some other effective form of control, threatened to result in chaos. And, as so often happens in the affairs of nations, the right man turned up at the right moment.

That man was Lieutenant William F. Butler, of the 69th British regiment. Finding, in 1869, that his career as a soldier seemed to have come to a standstill, Butler cabled to Canada for an opportunity to serve in the Red River expedition organized to crush the first Reil rebellion. He arrived too late to join the expedition, but was given a special mission to Fort Garry. Here he fell in with Governor Archibald, who, recognizing his special qualifications, sent him out through the Saskatchewan country to investigate conditions with respect to law enforcement. He traveled overland from Fort Garry to the Rocky mountains, where he turned north until he reached the Saskatchewan river, which he followed eastward to Lake Winnipeg. As a result of his investigations, he recommended "the establishment of constituted authority with sufficient force to back it up," and it was that recommendation which, two years later, resulted in the formation of the Northwest Mounted Police.

In his authoritative book, "Policing the Plains," R. G. Macbeth writes of Butler's recommendations: "Wise man was Butler who saw that settlers must be secured to pour into this vast country and make it the granary of the empire, and that a force movable enough

*N*O organized group of men have so exemplified service above self to a greater extent than have the Royal Northwest Mounted Police during their long and honorable career. The "Royal Mounted" have not only a reputation for being unapproachable by underhand means, but they have universally avoided what might be considered legitimate avenues of self-enrichment, such as opportunities for land speculation which their early and intimate knowledge of the West opened to them. Canadians say that the law-breaker has only two alternatives if the Mounted get on his trail—he can surrender, or leave the country if he gets the chance.

This article is particularly timely, as Canada will celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of the Confederation of provinces on July 1st. Surely this union was largely due to the men who enforced the law in pioneer days, as their successors do today.

to be at the call of scattered settlements would be absolutely necessary. The sequel has proven how well Butler forecasted events because settlers by the thousand soon desired to come and it was the presence of the Mounted Police that gave to these settlers the sense of security that made it possible for them to turn the vast plains into waving fields of grain and cause the wide areas of pasture lands to shake under the tread of domestic herds. . . . Butler's wisdom in recommendation comes out in regard to the force to be established, where he states that such a force should be independent of any faction or party either in church or state. His wise hint in this regard was taken and followed, and hence all through their history the Mounted Police have gone their way, caring for nothing and for nobody in their intentness on doing their duty."

BUTLER himself closed his report with words of accurate prophecy when he wrote of "a vast country lying, as it were, silently awaiting the approach of the immense wave of human life which rolls unceasingly from Europe to America. Far off as lie the regions of the Saskatchewan from the Atlantic seaboard, on which that wave is thrown, remote as are the fertile glades which fringe the eastern slopes of the Rocky mountains, still that wave of human life is destined to reach those beautiful solitudes, and to convert the wild luxuriance of their now useless vegetation into all the requirements of civilized existence." But not even the prophetic Butler could have foreseen that all this would occur in less than sixty years!

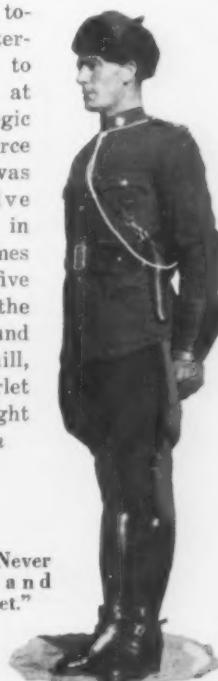
In 1873, after further investigation and report by Adjutant-General P.

Robertson-Ross, the Canadian government passed the necessary legislation, and the Northwest Mounted Police came into being. The remuneration was small, but there was no difficulty in getting both men and officers for the force, and in the autumn of that year one hundred and fifty men were landed on the banks of Red river. Another one hundred and fifty men were soon afterwards added, the whole under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel George A. French, of Kingston. The following summer three more divisions, consisting of about twenty officers and two hundred and eighty men, with two hundred and fifty horses, were mobilized at Toronto and shipped to Fargo, North Dakota, by rail, their movement through the United States having been courteously permitted by the government of that country. In a stampede soon after their arrival most of the horses escaped, which threatened disaster to the plans for immediate action. All of the horses but one, however, were eventually recovered.

Then began one of the most remarkable military marches in history, and the longest on record in which the force carried its own supplies. On July 10, 1874, the "thin red line" began its penetration of the prairies. The force was divided into six divisions, each division having horses of a distinctive color, but all moved forward together into a trackless wilderness. In addition to their wagons, carts, and military supplies, they took with them cows and calves, beef cattle and farming implements. For the first three hundred miles the whole column moved together, but afterwards divided to establish posts at different strategic points. "The force on the march was an impressive sight, varying in length at times from three to five miles. Against the green background of plain and hill, the long scarlet line made a sight

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" . . . Never
weaken and
never forget."



Olinger's Four-Fold Plan

For developing qualities of leadership in boys

By Millard Milburn Rice

"DON'T wait until you're a man to be great: Be a Great Boy!" That, literally, is George W. Olinger's slogan for boys.

It is very doubtful whether there is a layman in America today who is as deeply interested in and who knows as much about boys as George W. Olinger, of Denver, Colorado. Indeed, few professional boys' workers have succeeded in getting as close to the boys with whom they work as has Rotarian Olinger. And this is in spite of the fact that he is at the head of a business demanding much of his time and energy.

Why and how does he do it? Because, for one thing, he says that by his service to them he is paying in some measure the debt of gratitude he owes to a man who befriended and encouraged him as a boy. How does he do it? By the simple process of tithing both his time and his money: six minutes of every waking hour belongs to

his boys' work; and ten cents of every dollar he earns is available for its needs. Since beginning his work with boys, Mr. Olinger has invested more than a hundred thousand dollars in his organization.

The Highlander Boys, Incorporated, of Denver, Colorado, is the official name of the very efficient organization which Mr. Olinger has built through years of effort. Today, 1,200 boys between the ages of nine and thirteen are active members of the organization, and including these more than three thousand boys have been in its ranks since its beginning. In addition to these "regular" Highlanders there are more than eight thousand "Lone Highlander

Boys" throughout Colorado, New Mexico, and Wyoming who have contact in some helpful way every month by letter or pamphlet or suggestion for development and growth along constructive lines. These are boys who are in the mining-camps or isolated districts and have very limited opportunities for advancement.

The Highlander name is derived from the fact that the first group of boys was formed when Mr. Olinger lived in the City of Highlands, then a suburb and now a part of Denver.

I asked how the Highlander organization came into existence.

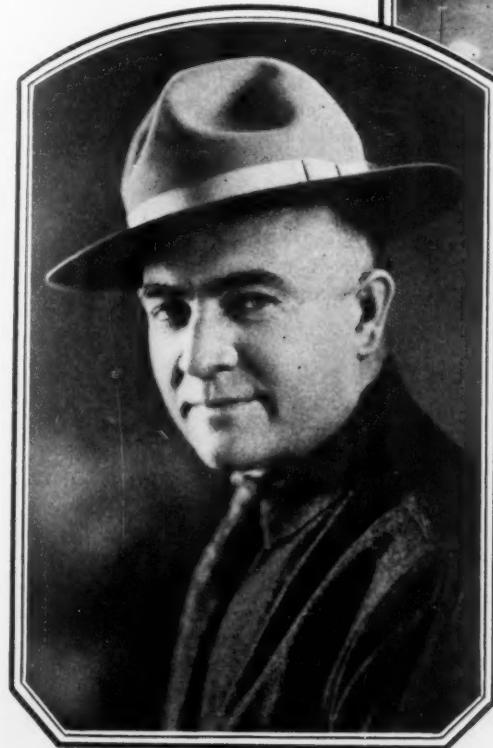
"That is a difficult question to answer exactly," he replied, "for the Highlander organization is the outgrowth of the early needs and associations that came into my life as a boy. The fact that as a lad, a Denver business man gave me freely of his time and counsel and always left his office door ajar so that I could see him at any time, and the fact that his influence and



Inset—Rotarian Olinger with his original group of boys. This picture, taken in 1916, also shows his daughter, Gwendolyn, who was the team's mascot. Below—the Highlander regiment on parade at summer camp. Today there are 1,200 boys in this organization which grew out of the baseball team of eleven years ago.

standards were most attractive to me, and further that he asked no compensation in return for his interest and time in me save my confidence and the knowledge that I would play the game square because of his investment in me; these things gave me an appreciation of the worth of his plan.

"In commemoration of this man and his influence for good upon my life, I determined, when he died, to put his principle at work for the benefit of as many boys as I could reach. First it was through a little baseball team of Highland boys. The experiment grew until we

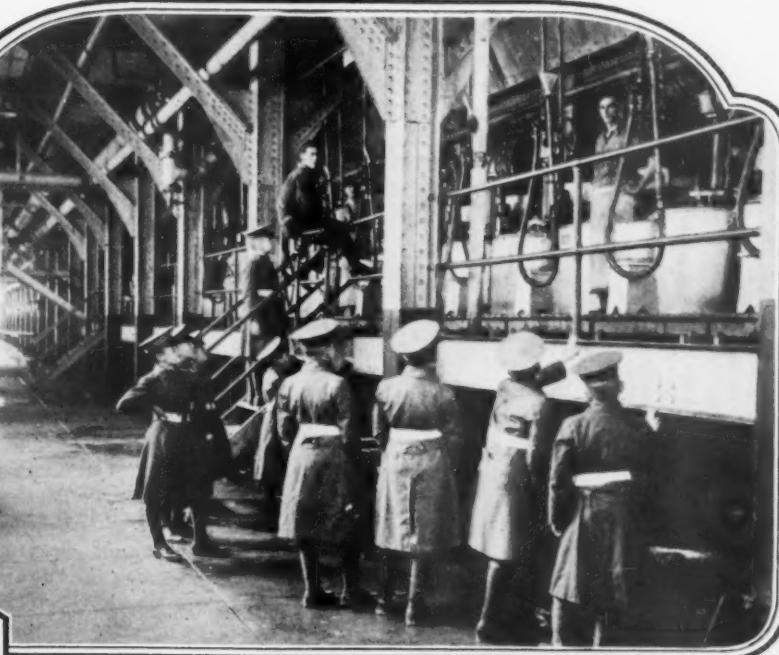


Rotarian George W. Olinger, founder of the Highlander Boys, Incorporated, gives one-tenth of his time and money to boys' work. This is his tribute to a business man who influenced his own boyhood.

were finally reaching out in an organized way to a considerable number of boys in an endeavor to give them a foundation built upon the substantial, practical things of life.

"In the early days of the enterprise there was no rounded program available for boys between nine and twelve years of age. The firm belief that this was the time when a boy was most receptive to the formation of standards and ideals of character, gradually brought into existence a program that now stands firmly on a true foundation and has as its object clean, four-fold manhood and a consequent leadership among men."

The basis of this organization is



Highlanders inspecting the centrifugal machinery of a large Colorado sugar factory. By such frequent visits the boys learn something of different vocations, and also something of local products.

military, but by no means militaristic, and from the beginning the military system of training has been used primarily for its educative value and not merely as a means of government. The Highlander regiment on parade is an impressive display. Led by its three bands, each Highlander trim and neat in his uniform, with his trusty air rifle at just the correct angle, the sight of these boys is not soon forgotten. A few years ago General Pershing reviewed the regiment and later expressed himself as surprised at the remarkable showing of the boys in discipline, drill, and general appearance. That the work of the organization is character-building no one who knows it will question.

Since the founding of the Highlanders, other organizations for boys and boys' work throughout America have developed along broad lines. But Mr. Olinger was building largely without precedent. As he explains, the program is built upon a four-fold foundation: The spiritual, social, mental, and physical. Every side of the boy's life is developed by his work in the Highlanders. In the military work of the organization he learns discipline, obedience, neatness—that he may later develop leadership. In fact, one of the dominant ideas of the Highlander organization is the development of leadership—and this includes leadership of the four-fold variety. In their games,

outings, hikes, summer camps, the boys develop physically; and by following the simple rules of hygiene laid down for them they maintain a high physical standard. For the social side they learn music (there is a Highlander orchestra in addition to the bands already mentioned), public speaking, helpfulness to others and something of business methods through educational trips and interviews with business men. Through required attendance at Sunday school or church and various other religious activities they develop spiritually. However, the Highlander Boys is a non-sectarian organization, and when a boy joins there is issued to him the religious book of his faith, always to be carried in the uniform pocket: for Protestant boys, New Testaments; for Jewish boys, readings from the Holy Scriptures; for Catholic boys, prayer books. In each of these is a special bookmark bearing these words:

MY DEAR HIGHLANDER:
Read this little book to be Wise;
Study it to be Safe;
Practice it to be Holy.

Always a Friend,
GEO. W. OLINGER.

GEORGE OLINGER was born in Santa Fe, New Mexico, 44 years ago, his family moving to Denver shortly thereafter. He left school in the ninth grade to go to work in a harness shop. Now he is president of the Olinger Mortuary, one of the largest in the City of Denver. He is an enthusiastic member of the Denver Rotary Club, and in
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The Story of the Calendar

Getting a speedometer for our journey through space

By Kenneth F. Hewins

EVEN the figures on calendars do not lie. If we forget whether today is Wednesday or Thursday, we can always rely on a friend for the information. Knowing the day of the week, we can glance at a calendar and find the day of the month. We know this is the year 1927—perhaps because last year was 1926. Thus we have the date and can go ahead and write the letter, or what have you?

It's all a very simple process for us to find out the date. We put our trust in the calendar, for we know it can be relied upon. But did you ever stop to consider the origin of the calendar, that important arrangement of the divisions of time that tells us so little and yet so much? Do you realize how many changes have been made in the calendar in its hundreds of years of development, and do you know why the numerous changes were made? Did you ever consider the effects a change in the calendar would have on your paying your rent, for instance?

The origin and development of the calendars that have been used through the ages reveal some interesting facts. A study of the history of the calendar has furnished an interesting hobby for Dr. Arthur M. Harding, professor of mathematics and astronomy at the University of Arkansas. He has spent considerable time tracing the developments of the calendar to its present stage and observing the numerous changes it has undergone.

The results of Dr. Harding's research, as told to the writer in an interview, form the basis for this article.

Before discussing the origin and development of our calendar, let us consider the question, "What is time?" Is time something which is the same throughout the length and breadth of the universe and which would be measured in the same way by everyone, no matter on what planet he might live? Or is time merely a relative term which differs in different parts of the universe? The answer is: time is relative.

Suppose the earth revolves around the sun twice as fast as it does now and that it should rotate on its axis at twice its present speed. There would still be four seasons in every year and 365 days in every year, only everything would be more rapid. Consider the minute forms which are observable only

THIS story of man's attempts to keep tab on Time reminds one of Poe's tale about the woman who "would marry when three Sundays came in the same week"—and did! Of course all time is relative—and the stimulating effect of thinking about time on planets having three or four moons may help Rotarians, for instance, who are trying to arrange a more satisfactory chronology or sequence of events in Rotary for the needs of forty countries with wide seasonal differences.

under our microscopes. Some of them live but a few minutes, yet they have time to grow to their maturity, to raise families and to die. All is relative. A life of one hundred years is no longer than one of a few minutes.

Our time is measured by the movement of heavenly bodies. Let us suppose, however, that we are not on the earth at all, but that we are living in pure space. What time is it? If we should remain indefinitely in pure space, we would never arrive at the next year.

Our year is defined as the length of time required by a planet to move around our sun. Each planet, therefore, has a different year. For example, the planet Venus makes approximately three trips around the sun while the earth is making two trips. Consequently, a man who has lived on the earth for twenty years would be about thirty years of age were he living on Venus.

Some solar systems have two or more suns. Which one of these suns would be used by the inhabitants of one of these planets for the purpose of fixing time? What would they mean if they should ask, "What time is it?"

We are concerned with that particular measurement of time which we who live upon the earth use. In order to measure this time, we must have some moving object. Fortunately—in more ways than one—the earth is revolving around the sun and rotating on its axis. At the same time the moon is revolving

around the earth. This makes possible three natural periods of time. These units are (1) the year, which is the length of time required for the earth to revolve around the sun; (2) the month, which is the length of time required for the moon to revolve around the earth; and (3) the day, which is the length of time required for the earth to rotate on its axis. Each of these units seems to have been called a cycle by ancient peoples and this fact has led to some confusion. According to ancient Hebrew literature, Methuselah lived 969 cycles. If we interpret this to mean that Methuselah lived long enough to see the earth go around the sun 969 times, he was indeed a very old man. But if it merely means that during his lifetime the moon went around the earth 969 times, then his age was eighty years and nine months—which was not quite so remarkable.

ANCIENT people seem to have used many different kinds of calendars. The earliest form of year of which we have any record was regulated by the little group of stars which we call the Pleiades and which play such an important part in fixing the date of the festival now known as Hallowe'en. The year was divided into two parts, depending upon whether the Pleiades were visible or invisible at sunset. The part of the year during which the Pleiades were visible at sunset was called Pleiades Above and the other half of the year Pleiades Below.

The early Egyptians were sun worshipers. They divided the year into twelve months of thirty days each. At the end of the year they added five unlucky days in order to make the year composed of 365 days. They watched the sun as it passed through the different signs of the Zodiac, and since there were twelve of those signs, they naturally had twelve months in each year. It is interesting to note that some of the tribes of the early Egyptians worshiped rams, bulls and other animals symbolic of the signs of the Zodiac.

The Chinese calendar of the legendary emperor, Yao (2357-2255 B. C.), added intercalary months as needed; the old Greeks divided both day and night into twelve equal parts called "temporary hours," and then tried to reconcile these with the actual hours. Their month was divided into three ten-

day periods and the Metonic cycles consisted of 19 solar years.

Then there is the Mohammedan calendar, which dates from the Hegira of 622 A. D. But among the most interesting calendars are those used by the Aztecs, Mayas and other peoples of Central America. Picture signs combined with numbers up to thirteen were used in combination for their reckoning—a system also used in calendars of Asiatic origin. Every 52-year period was marked by special religious festivals and some of these picture-calendar stones are preserved at Mexico City and elsewhere.

The Jewish calendar originally was regulated by the moon. ("God appointed the moon for the seasons," Psalms 104:19). But since the flood lasted twelve months and eleven days, the question arises as to whether the Jews did not know something about the year of 365 days.

The calendar in general use throughout the world today was derived from one started by the Romans. Therefore, let us study the details of the development of the Roman calendar.

Immediately after the mythical hero, Romulus, had founded Rome, it is said he established a calendar which could be used by his people. Since he had no exact notion as to how many days were in a year, his attempt at a calendar was rather crude. The calendar of Romulus contained ten months, each of which had different lengths, some of them being as short as twenty days and others being as long as fifty-five days. The total number of days in the year, according to his calendar, was 304. The months in that calendar were Mars, Aprilis, Maia, Juno, Quintilis, Sextilis, September, October, November and December.

Since Romulus was supposed to have been descended from Mars, the god of war, he named the first month in his year after that god. He noticed that during the second month of his year, the ground "opened up" and vegetation, which had been invisible, came through the ground. He named this month Aprilis, a word derived from a Latin verb, "aperire," which means "to open up." The third month of his year was named Maia, who was the mother of the god, Mercury. The

fourth he called Juno, who was the wife of Jupiter and the Queen of the gods. The other months of his year were merely numbered to mean fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth. The Romans, knowing very little about astronomy, utilized this calendar for some time, although their year was much too short.

WHEN Numa Pompilius came into power he realized that the Roman year was too short and added two months making a total of 355 days. His calendar consisted of Januarius, Mars, Aprilis, Maia, Juno, Quintilis, Sextilis, September, October, November, December, and Februarius. He inserted one month at the beginning of the year, which he named after Janus, who was the god of the beginning of things and had two faces, looking backward and forward. He added a month at the end of the year, which he named from the word "Februalia," which was the name of certain sacrifices which had to be performed to atone for the sins of the past year. Numa's calendar remained in use until 452 B. C., when, for some unknown reason, the months of Janu-

arius and Februarius were interchanged. The calendar still contained the same number of days in the year.

With this calendar of 355 days being ten days short, the various festivals kept getting out of place. For example, certain festivals supposed to be celebrated at harvest time, soon came to be observed immediately after the crops had been planted. In order to correct this error, an extra month was added every few years. This month was called Mercedonius, and was added after Februarius 23rd. After this month had passed, the next day was Februarius 24th, then Februarius 25th, etc.

When Julius Caesar came into power the calendar was in hopeless confusion. He called in several of the best astronomers and, after studying the situation carefully, he devised a calendar which is practically the same as the one we use today. He made the year begin with the month of January and put approximately the same number of days in every month, as follows: Januarius, 31; Februarius, 29 (30); Mars, 31; Aprilis, 30; Maia, 31; Juno, 30; Quintilis, 31; Sextilis, 30; September, 31; October, 30; November, 31, and last of all, December, 30.

Each of the odd months contained thirty-one days and each of the even months thirty days, with the exception of Februarius. To bring the different festivals back to the proper time of the year the year 46 B. C. was made to contain fifteen months totaling 445 days. This year has frequently been called the Year of Confusion.

Julius Caesar realized that the length of the day and the length of the year are incommensurable and that his calendar was sure to get out of gear at some future time. In order that the calendar might correct itself, he added one extra day every four years. This extra day was given to Februarius and was added immediately after the 23rd of the month, where the month of Mercedonius was formerly placed.

The Romans did not count the days in the month as we do. When we speak of February 23rd, we mean the twenty-third day since the month began. The Romans counted ahead just as a boy does when he

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Dr. Arthur M. Harding, professor of mathematics and astronomy at the University of Arkansas joined the faculty soon after his own graduation. He also directs the general extension service of the University and his "Celestial Travelogs" a series of illustrated lectures on astronomy have been presented before more than one hundred schools in twenty-six states. He is a member of the Fayetteville, Arkansas, Rotary Club.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

Canada's Sixtieth Anniversary

A RECENT editorial in the *New York Times* calls attention to Canada's sixtieth anniversary celebration, which will be held this month. The writer cites various evidences of economic progress in the Dominion and concludes with this:

"Criminal offenses, major and minor, have decreased in marked degree since 1914. Homicides and crimes of violence may owe their infrequency to the character of the population; but the Canadian courts are perhaps the strongest influence.

"Our judges, our lawyers, our reformers, know the Canadian system. Canada tries to protect society against the criminal, not the criminal against society. Canadian criminal courts sit to administer justice, swift, certain. They are courts of justice, not theaters and moving-picture entertainments, not a resort of slobberers and a vehicle of publicity."

These conditions, which occasionally bring such results as the sale of a small Canadian jail for about \$25 "because the town had no use for it" are indeed a cause for congratulations from law-abiding people of all countries. Certainly we shall never reach that high degree of international justice which must precede the complete abandonment of war unless and until there is a greater faith in local and national justice than prevails in some parts of the world today.

Rotarians, anxious to promote international peace, realize that a high and universal sense of justice, coupled to accurate and universal information, are the surest means whereby humanity can find full freedom to improve its condition.

Extension Within Clubs

WE are always thinking about the extension of Rotary, which means carrying the message of the six objects of Rotary to more countries and to more cities in each country. This means after all carrying the message to more individuals—developing more Rotarians.

There is another way in which to extend Rotary. This other method is by increasing the membership of the existing clubs. It is possible to increase the membership of every club at least 10 per cent and to increase the membership of some clubs 25 per cent, 50 per cent or even 100 per cent. By doing this Rotary will secure from 10,000 to 50,000 more men who have become familiar with the objects of Rotary and who are learning to manifest them in their personal and business and community lives.

Let us have extension by increasing the number of members in clubs, as well as by increasing the number of clubs. Thus the Rotary circle will become ever wider and stronger in influence.

Prophecy

QUITE often we hear someone prophesying a glorious future for Rotary—culminating in a pageant of peace celebrated in some great auditorium under magnificent auspices. It is an attractive vision—and will have the sympathy of all intelligent men. But it is a bit too dazzling for steady contemplation. Still we believe in it—and believing work to make it come true. However, a very simple illustration will serve to show the difficulties to be encountered.

Rotary says that it is wrong for a business man to sell a customer something the customer does not need or should not have. That sounds logical and ethical. But who is to judge what the customer needs—or should have? The seller? The buyer? The public? Who?

On the proper handling of just such relations peace depends, be it industrial peace or any other kind. Seemingly the best the business man can do is to give a full and frank explanation of his goods—so that the buyer knows exactly what he is getting—and also try to find out exactly what the buyer wants to do with the goods when bought. The business man cannot pursue the inquiry too far—neither can he neglect it altogether.

Rotarians who have caught the vision and are not dazzled into inaction realize the vast amount of explanation, of claim and counter-claim which underlies even the simplest bargain. The frank discussions necessary to bring about world peace must progress through difficulties which can hardly be imagined. As a starter it may be pointed out that a good proportion of humanity cannot even read—and it may take centuries to alter this condition. Hence the materialization of prophecy, interesting and encouraging as it may be, is likely to be prolonged. Meanwhile we can all work at that mutual education which slowly but surely removes obstacles and clears all the intervening shoddy and pretense from the counter.

Will Americans Build?

IN this issue the Cité Universitaire at Paris is described. It is an interesting story. Is there to be a building for the students from America? The students are there. The building is not. It never will be there unless generous Americans provide the funds required. Here is another opportunity for service—in raising as well as giving money for a worthy cause.

One interesting feature of these dormitory projects is that each of them represents a spontaneous effort by a national group for an international end. Though the respective governments have, in many instances, shown themselves sympathetic, the funds were provided by public subscription, by earnest individuals who believe in youth. How much of such faith has America?



A By-Products Parable

ANOTHER parable was given unto them, running:

The Spirit of Rotary is like unto an Orange Products Plant, which although it caters to many tastes, has a single aim, "To serve."

And as the boss went forth into the fruit-house amid the fragrance of the fruit, he said, "From these light, puffy oranges that contain little juice, but have wonderful golden peels, we will make an unctuous oil to give aroma and flavor to candy drops for little children.

"And the juice of these sound, solid oranges we will extract and mix with sugar, that it may quench the thirst of tired toilers in many lands.

"Also here is fruit which has been bruised by the winds, or whose skins are scarred here and there by superficial mould. Inside they are clean and sweet. We will squeeze out their juice and concentrate it, until we have all the nourishment in small volume that it may go far at little expense.

"Finally there are the boxes of nothing in particular, neither all green nor all rot, neither large or small, neither all frozen or all sound, just the run of the cull bins. To these we will add the peels and cores and seeds of the others, and make a feed for the flocks and herds that they, too, may serve man by serving his servants."

Now here is the meaning of the parable:

The Plant is Rotary and the fruit its members. Some are largely peel, they have the best side always toward the world, they may not be thin-skinned but are usually readily hurt, and their volatile spirit may evaporate into thin air if it be not captured by Rotary. When it is, it gives of fragrant pungency to every meeting.

Other members are sound and solid, sometimes oh! so awfully solid! They oft appear almost hard but at heart are full of character and when Rotary draws them from their shell and adds a bit of sweetness they show the greatest profits and always yield satisfactory returns.

There is yet a third kind of Rotarian, he who has been bruised by the world's hard usage; perhaps outside he is rough, or maybe even a bit warped in his business ethics. To these at first Rotary may give more than she re-

"TALKING it over" across the conference table has solved many individual and group problems, corrected many thoughtless practices. This department of your magazine is intended to do the same things. It will succeed to the extent that both club officials and individual members enter into frank discussion. Contributions to these columns will be welcomed.—The Editors.

ceives, but because they have known diversity when once saturated with the spirit of service their good qualities become dominant, their imperfections disappear and, like the concentrated orange juice, will go far to nourish the under-privileged children, or others that need a helping hand.

And finally there is the majority of us, a sort of nondescript mixture of pulp and peel and seeds, neither one thing or another, but we, too, through Rotary may serve and profit by our service.—HERBERT S. BAILEY, Ontario, California.

The Rotarian Soup-Stone

By CARL H. CLAUDY

THIS is how one Rotary club heard the story of the great soup-stone. There were five around the table: the Hardware Merchant, the Jeweler, the Physician, the Brick Manufacturer, and the Real-Estate Operator. It was a "get-together luncheon," with twenty minutes after dessert allowed for conversation and idea interchange.

The Physician struck the keynote of his table's discussion with the statement "Rotary means a great deal to me, and you mustn't understand me as criticising, but 'He profits most who serves best' seems to me to be an extremely selfish motto for such an organization as this."

"I can't follow you." The Hardware Merchant lighted a cigar. "The better service I give in my store, the more people come back for more goods. The more that come back, the more service I am enabled to render this community."

"But that's exactly my point!" put in the Physician. "You profit from the service you render. With all due respect for your willingness to serve the people of this community, I think you will agree that you are in business to make money, to make a living for your family, to aid your personal fortunes. Therefore, if by service you can assist those entirely proper purposes, you are actuated by a wholly selfish motive. I suppose a physician sees more than most people of the inner workings of humanity; I do not complain that most people are moved first and farthest by selfish considerations. But I do contend that a more altruistic and less-personal slogan would raise Rotary to a higher plane."

"It strikes me that you may misinterpret the motto." The Jeweler leaned forward in his seat. "Now, my business cannot be considered as among the primary essentials of life; people must eat, and have clothes, and be kept healthy . . . they don't have to wear rings and pins and buy silver forks. Perhaps as a merchant of timepieces I am as important as the merchant of hinges and chisels. But as a whole, the jewelry business is properly to be considered as serving the joy of life, rather than life itself. It should be bracketed with books, and pictures, and travel, and flowers, and music . . . the things which make life worth living. I say all this lest you think my idea of our motto is colored too heavily by a wrong opinion of my own work in the world. It seems to me that 'he profits most who serves best' doesn't refer to individual cash dividends which accrue through enlarged sales which come from an extra fine store or merchant or professional service, but to something inside a man . . . his self-satisfaction with his accomplishments."

"But you are just backing up the Doctor!" said the Real-Estate Operator. "Whether the profit is in cash or satisfaction, the motive is selfish. I suppose," turning to the Physician, "you would like to alter the motto to something like 'they profit most who are best served' in order to take the personal, and therefore the selfish, sting from it."

"You chaps are getting pretty high brow!" The Brick Manufacturer hitched

his chair noisily. "You remind me of those theologians of the middle ages who came to grips over how many angels at the same time could do the Charleston on the point of a needle. Maybe I was a B.V.D. infant (born very dumb) but the matter seems much simpler than any of you wise ones make it out."

"The first recorded brick-makers couldn't make theirs without straw," put in the Physician.

"MORE highbrow stuff!" retorted the Brick Manufacturer. "You can't make good bricks without the bonding element in clay which can be obtained from straw; you can't make good conversation without real ideas, and you can't make soup out of a stone."

"What's that got to do with the matter in hand?" It was the Jeweler who spoke.

"Never hear of the great soup-stone?" The Brick Manufacturer turned towards the man of gold and silver. "Let me tell it to you. A tramp wandered into a little town one day . . . we won't locate either the town or the time, but neither are important . . . and passed slowly along the rough street. He made no attempt to beg; just kept his eyes on the ground, as if hunting for something.

"The townspeople were not very busy at the time, and they watched him interestedly. Suddenly he stopped, and picked up something in his hand. 'I've got it. . . . I've got it!' he cried loudly. 'All my life I have hunted for it, and lo, here it is!'

"What is it you have found?" inquired the Constable. "If it's worth anything, it belongs to the town!"

"The town is welcome to it!" cried the tramp. "I have found the great soup-stone! What? You never heard of it? Did none of you ever hear of the great soup-stone?" He turned to the interested group of towns-people who had collected around him.

"None of them ever had."

"Well, I can't understand it," cried the Tramp. "The whole world is hunting for this very stone . . . and you never heard of it! Here. I'll show you what this great soup-stone does! It makes soup . . . free soup . . . for every one! Bring a kettle, some one, and let's build a fire, and make some of the wonderful broth which the great soup-stone gives. And when we have made it, I'll gladly turn the great soup-stone over to you, for it belongs to you!"

"So contagious was his enthusiasm, and so honest his appearance, that one ran to fetch a kettle and another built a fire. A third filled the kettle with water.

"Now watch!" The Tramp placed the great soup-stone solemnly in the

kettle. "Some one get me a spoon to stir it with . . . you have no idea how good the great soup-stone soup is," he exclaimed. "By the way, this would be better if we had a few vegetables in it. One of you grocers get a few potatoes and carrots and tomatoes, won't you?"

"A grocer brought what the Tramp asked for, and they were put in the pot. The Tramp stirred. 'Now, if we only had a nice bone to flavor this soup . . . isn't there a butcher here who would like to help? You all know that the best soup is a little better if it cooks around a bone!'

"So a butcher hastened to his shop and brought a fine big bone with a lot of meat on it, and that, too, was put in the pot. By this time quite a large crowd had gathered, which the Tramp entertained with rapid conversation about the merits of the great soup-stone and the wonderful broth it would produce. From time to time he suggested additions to the broth, for flavor . . . some salt, some pepper, an onion, all of which were brought. Meanwhile he stirred vigorously, and talked.

"Now it is done!" he announced at last. "Some one bring some cups or bowls and we'll all have some soup." This, too, was done, the hardware merchant (the speaker bowed to his companion at the table) unselfishly robbing his shelves of all the tin cups so that all could have some of the free soup made by the great soup-stone.

"But a stranger who had come up to the group just at this point, when they were pronouncing the soup delicious, laughed aloud.

"What a set of fools you all are!" he cried. "This tramp is just a fakir. That stone had nothing to do with the soup. You put in a bone and meat and vegetables, and salt and pepper and onion and of course you got soup! How else could soup be made? He just worked you for some free soup for himself!"

"Fiercely the crowd turned to the Tramp. 'What had the great soup-

stone to do with that soup?' they demanded.

"'Everything,' he answered, composedly. "It is true that I have had a cup of soup, but you all have had far more than I. It cost no one anything of any moment, yet we all have been fed. The name of the great soup-stone is cooperation. You can have soup, or success, or happiness in this little town at any time you want, merely by using the great soup-stone!"

"And he slipped through the crowd and was gone."

There was a moment's silence at the table. Then, "That's a good story," began the Physician, "but I don't just see . . ."

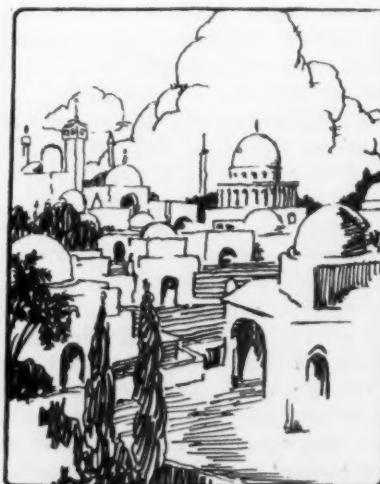
"Well, I see!" cried the Jeweler. "He means . . ."

"Why don't we let him tell us what he means?" The Real-Estate man tapped the speaker on the arm.

"I MEAN this," the Brick Manufacturer resumed, slowly. "He profits most who serves best" doesn't mean profits in cash, in self-satisfaction, in pride. It means to me that I profit most in all that makes life worth living, if I serve the best of any man who labors in my line. When I see good houses built and sold by the Real-Estate Operator, and I know my bricks have made them honest houses, houses which stand up and are weather tight and worth the money, I have a reflex from all the happiness which may be in those houses which have now become homes. When I ride on Main Street and find it smooth and easy to travel, and know that it's a good street because my bricks pave it, and that they are honest bricks, bricks which are worth a little more than the money you and you and you and you and all of us paid in taxes to pave that street, I get a kick-back from all the joy of all the people who ride smoothly and in comfort. When I pass a garden wall, built out of my bricks, and know that it will stand and enclose that garden and keep the small boy from purloining the flowers, and give a sense of peace and satisfaction to those who love and labor over the garden, I live their happiness, because my bricks had a part in it. There is nothing personal in this profit . . . it can't be spent for anything, and it's far removed from the mere artisan pride I have in making good bricks, when I appear, for instance, as a speaker before the brick association. It's an inner and spiritual satisfaction.

"I don't think I make the best bricks in the world, but I make them as well as I know how, and I am continually trying to learn how to make them better. My 'service' is all in making, unless you call prompt delivery and reasonable price part of service. But

(Continued on page 54)



Unusual Stories of Unusual Men

Will Rossiter—popular publisher of popular songs

By Taylor Erwin Gauthier

HERE is a name that has always held a certain fascination for me. I remember I first began to encounter that name as a frequent visitor to the "varieties." This was in the days when Nat Wills and his colleagues of the stage were at their zenith of popularity. The third or fourth row was usually my vantage point which was not due so much to an elastic purse as to the exuberance of youth and a fondness for a good show. From my place I not only commanded a full view of the stage but the orchestra pit as well. And it was from an almost nightly inspection of the orchestra (before and between curtains) that this name began to grow upon me. Night after night it glared at me in large black letters from the dozen or more musical scores upon the racks in front of the musicians. The name in black type was "Rossiter." I became curious. Who was this man, Rossiter, who evidently wrote all this music?

This was back in the days of such popular favorites as "Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland" and "I'd Love to Live in Loveland With a Girl Like You." You don't have to be so very old to remember them. Perhaps you danced to their tune. I remember them because as is so often the case with seemingly trivial things, they marked, for me, a milestone along the way.

However, this is to be a biography, not an autobiography. I did not know then that Will Rossiter was already a universally known music publisher, as well as a song writer and composer.

Fifteen years later I saw Will Rossiter for the first time. It was at a luncheon of the Rotary Club of Chicago. The chairman unexpectedly called upon him to lead the members in the singing of a song. He climbed upon a chair and not only led but sang, and while to every one of the four hundred or more members it must have been a rare treat, it was nothing compared to the dramatic tenseness that the moment held for me. It was as if I had suddenly come face to face with a long-lost friend. I have seen Will Rossiter many times since then. I have heard him over the radio, but the thrill of that first moment still remains with me.

Since then I have learned a great

deal about Will Rossiter. How he came to America from England when a youngster; of his first position in his adopted country as an errand boy for a patent-office draftsman; how later he became a draftsman himself in the same office. It was while working as a draftsman that he was given one day a couple of complimentary tickets to see a performance of the famous Billy Scanlon, at the old Bijou Theater at Jackson Boulevard and Halsted Streets, in Chicago. Scanlon made such a hit with his songs "Peek-a-boo" and "Nellie's Blue Eyes," that the young draftsman was inspired to attempt the writing of similar ballads. Nom de plumes were the fashion of the day for ballad writers, so he looked about for a name. He finally chose "W. R. Williams" as a pseudonym.

That was in the year 1891—the year previous to the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago. His first song, "Sweet Nellie Bawn," was offered to all of the leading music publishers. They rejected it, one after another. Then he decided to publish it himself, and it was this decision that led to the advent of the name "Will Rossiter" in the music publishing business.

The song, "Sweet Nellie Bawn," was a success right from the start, due largely perhaps to its being featured nightly by Willie Windom in the Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels, at Frank Hall's Casino, an old amusement landmark then at Wabash Avenue and Jackson Boulevard. The success of "Nellie Bawn" brought manuscripts by the hundreds to Mr. Rossiter's little office, from all over America. Among them, one day, there happened to be a song by Harry S. Miller, entitled "The Cat Came Back." This was accepted and published. It turned out to be one



Photo: Theatrical Studio, Chicago.

Will Rossiter was born in England, came to America when a lad, and began his career as an errand boy. Later he became a draftsman who wrote songs as a sideline. Then he became a music publisher and has many "hits" to his credit, songs which have sold by the million copies. He is a pioneer "song-plugger" and occasionally leads in the singing of the Rotary Club of Chicago.

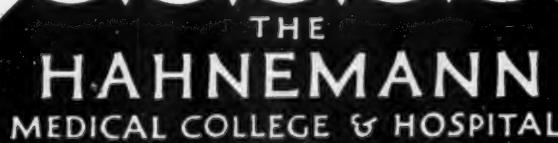
of the biggest hits of the day. It brought its author fame and assured Will Rossiter of a permanent berth in the music publishing business, for he had the ability to select—as well as to write—songs that would take with the public.

IT was in 1892, the year of the Chicago World's Fair, that Will Rossiter conceived the idea of printing the words of current popular songs in book form—and during the twenty years that followed, millions of these "song books" were sold by the "candy peddlars" in theaters, circuses, medicine shows, and by book stores and newsstands, all over the English-speaking world.

Will Rossiter may well be considered the first "song-plugger," in view of the fact that in 1898, during the Spanish-American War, he went to New York City and played an engagement at the famous Tony Pastor's Music Hall. Writing at this time under his nom de plume, W. R. Williams, he was the first song-writer, in any

(Continued on page 52)

2 MORE SUCCESSFUL



**OBJECTIVE: \$2,000,000.00
RAISED: \$2,020,000.00**

SOME folks say it takes a lot to stir up Philadelphia. (As many a campaign has found in the past.) Yet Philadelphia gave more than two millions to Hahnemann in May. And with 16 other financial campaigns on there at the time, most of them for hospitals.

And it didn't come in a few big gifts. \$1,400,000 of it was in sums from \$10,000 down to \$5. And \$1,600,000 was in gifts of \$25,000 or less.

It means a 16-story hospital. One of the best in that great hospital city. And a fine home for the medical college that is turning out two-thirds of this generation's homeopathic physicians.

The total expenses—including everything—were just $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent.

The Ketchum organization which handles these and 100 other financial campaigns throughout the country is ready to assist you with the financial program for your institution. Write to Carlton C. Ketchum.

PITTSBURGH—Park Bldg.

KETCHUM,

Professional organization and direction of fund-raising activities for

ESFUL CAMPAIGNS
by KETCHUM



OBJECTIVE: \$750,000.00
RAISED: \$830,000.00



OVER-SUBSCRIBED by \$80,000 already. Yet here was one of the most difficult types of campaigns. Three separate and distinct communities had to be asked to give money for a hospital which, naturally, could be built in only one of those communities.

What happened? New records. More than 12,000 people contributed out of a population of only 40,000 (almost one out of three.) And not trifling gifts, either. The size of the per capita gifts set a new high record for financial campaigns in this country.

And, in spite of the difficulties of the situation, the total expenses of the campaign were less than 3 per cent.

KETCHUM, INC. 149 Broadway—NEW YORK

Activities for hospitals, colleges, churches, fraternal organizations

ROTARY CLUB ACTIVITIES

"I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes." —Midsummer Night's Dream.

Teachers Work For International Understanding

BRAWLEY, CALIFORNIA.—Not long ago Brawley Rotarians heard a report on a move for better international understanding in which some of their members have been active. This movement was started at a Teachers Institute of Imperial County when teachers of the Mexicali, Mexico, schools brought an orchestra and a group of girls to participate in the program of music and interpretative dances. These teachers also submitted a platform for the exchange of school programs and an examination of textbooks for passages which might wound the pride of either country or which was unfair to either.

In carrying out this program committees of teachers from both nations held meetings, and on Washington's Birthday the Mexican consul, vice-consul, and several teachers from the Valley of Mexicali paid a courtesy visit to the Brawley Union High School. At

the school assembly the Mexican consul gave a much-appreciated talk on Washington.

This visit was returned when a group of American educators crossed into Mexicali to leave flowers before the portrait of Benito Juarez, Mexican liberator who was born on March 21, 1806. Later the Schoolmaster's Club of Imperial County met in Mexicali for their monthly banquet to which five officials and teachers were invited.

While conditions along the border are difficult at times, it is hoped that these and future exchanges will promote understanding between the better elements of both countries.

Possibly other clubs along the United States-Mexico border, or along the frontiers of other adjoining nations represented in Rotary may find this idea worthy of adaptation. Although there is no Rotary club in Mexicali, four principals of high schools in the Imperial Valley are Rotarians.

Italian Club Launches Two Interesting Ventures

FLORENCE, ITALY.—Besides doing community service through their influence on various industrial and civic associations the Rotarians of Florence have two forms of service which are probably unique in the Rotary world. The club took the initiative in forming an association for the improvement of optical instruments—a traditional industry of Florence. It has also started, under the supervision of Rotarian Farina-Cini, a school where boys and girls will be trained in the ancient arts and crafts of their city. This school which is yet small promises to become a very successful enterprise.

Rotary Anns Have a Club

BIRMINGHAM, MICHIGAN.—What is believed to be one of the first, if not the first, organization of Rotary Anns was formed here in May, when the wives of



This picture was taken at the inaugural meeting of the Rotary Club of Neuchatel, Switzerland, which was attended by representatives of the clubs at Geneva, Zurich, Saint-Gall, Berne, Basle, Lausanne, and Lucerne. In the front row are (left to right) A. Grandjean, Neuchatel; O. Kesselring, president, Berne club; L. Favre, president, Geneva club and newly elected district governor; Fred W. Teele, Special Commissioner; Hugo E. Prager, past district governor, Zurich; F. de Rutté, president, Neuchatel club; O. Suter, president, Basle club; A. Studer and E. Guinand both of Neuchatel; and H. Buhler of La Chaux-de-Fonds. There are now nine Rotary clubs in Switzerland.



More than one hundred Rotarians and guests attended the banquet held during the first Danish Rotary Congress at Copenhagen. President A. Hojring of the host club and T. C. Thomsen, Past Director, R.I., were the principal speakers. Both His Excellency the Minister of Foreign Affairs and the Burgomaster Kaper expressed their hopes for Rotary's success. By the numbers you can identify (1) Burgomaster E. Kaper, Ph.D.; (2) Judge Purschel, M.P.; (3) Former Premier Stauning, M.P.; (4) K. K. Seidenfaden, secretary, host club; (5) F. W. Teele, Special Commissioner, R. I.; (6) S. Christensen, president, Aalborg Rotary; (7) L. Moltesen Ph.D., Minister of Foreign Affairs; (8) Chamberlain Linnemann; (9) A. Hojring, president, host club; (10) S. Michaelis, writer; (11) Professor Ellinger, Danish Agricultural School; (12) Professor P. Oesterbye; (13) Professor P. O. Pedersen, Headmaster of the University of Copenhagen; (14) Bishop Ostenfeld, D.D.; (15) T. Fischer, president of the Korsor club, which attended in a body; (16) T. C. Thomsen, Past Director, R. I.; and (17) F. Lausen, chairman extension committee of Aarhus club, the latter the host club for the next Danish Conference.

local Rotarians formally adopted a constitution and by-laws patterned on those of the men's organization. The idea had its inception in March, 1925, when Mrs. Louise Averill, wife of the Rotary president gave a luncheon for the other Rotary Anns and suggested the development of the sisterly spirit along Rotary lines. Various clubs of business and professional women already exist, some of which are more or less like Rotary, but a club limited to the wives of Rotarians is apparently an original idea.

Start Farmers' Luncheon Club

CUERO, TEXAS.—Having attended luncheons of the local Rotary club, Albert Hartman, well-known in farming and stock-raising circles here, decided that what was good for the business men was equally good for farmers. With the help of the County Agent and other Rotarians the first Farmers' Luncheon Club was formed four years ago. Today it has a membership of 36 representing seven communities. Meetings are held twice a month and two other clubs have been formed in adjoining counties. None but actual dirt farmers can hold membership but honorary membership has been extend-

ed to the County Agent and the Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce. The club cooperates with other civic organizations and furthers farm interests. It has been responsible for the erection of a creamery, the importation of better livestock, and other agricultural activities.

Offer Cup For Best School Orchestra

WEBSTER GROVES, MISSOURI.—The Rotarians of this city believe in teaching the young to appreciate music. Consequently they offered a silver loving cup to the best grade-school orchestra taking part in the annual orchestra contest. Four schools participated and all the musicians were of the sixth grade or under. The stimulating effect of this competition was evident when the school taking last place immediately made a special effort to secure more instruments. Since most of the "seasoned" players are lost each year by graduation there must be consistent effort to hold first place very long. Two of the judges were members of the Saint Louis Symphony Orchestra, the third the high-school musical director of a neighboring town. Contest pieces included the Andante from Haydn's "Surprise Symphony" and the Minuet from Gluck's "Orpheus."

Greet Officer Ordered To China

WICHITA FALLS, TEXAS.—When a special troop train carrying half of the third battalion, Sixth Regiment United States Marines, stopped here on its way to San Diego, a committee of local Rotarians were at the depot to greet Col. H. C. Davis, the officer in charge. The colonel, a member of the Rotary Club of Portsmouth, Virginia, expected to take his men to Shanghai unless orders were changed when he reached California. Prior to his assignment as commander of the 4th Marines in China, Colonel Davis was in command at the Marine barracks at Norfolk. Walter D. Cline, chairman, Convention Committee, and Albert Myles, club president, were members of the reception committee.

Celebrate Completion Of Transcontinental Highway

RENO, NEVADA.—Rotarians who visit the Nevada Transcontinental Highways Exposition held here from June 25th to August 1st will find members of the local club ready to receive them. The club has taken two exhibit spaces in the Varied Industries and Food palace where a restroom and writing-room will be available for visiting members and Scouts will attend to look after their needs.

This Exposition is a State affair cele-

brating the completion of the Lincoln and Victory highways linking the two oceans. Nevada and California are putting on an exposition which will be exceeded in size only by the Lewis and Clark Exposition at Portland, and the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco. California's exhibition building cost \$65,000 and an addition was required to house all the displays. The Nevada building cost \$250,000 and is being filled with exhibits from seventeen counties. Five other buildings will contain exhibits from various industries and more than \$1,000 per week will be spent on entertainment. Since the Reno Rotarians have long been active in the good roads movement it was thought fitting that they should take a prominent part in the celebration.

Encourage Protection Of Wild Birds

STETTLER, ALBERTA.—To encourage the protection of wild birds and their eggs the local Rotary club awarded two prizes for the most attractive bird houses built by boys. Numerous entries and a good quality of work made it difficult to pick the winners, but the matter was finally settled and prizes awarded at a luncheon to which each Rotarian brought a boy guest. George McFadzean received the prize for boys over 13, and Gordon Allen the one for boys under 13. Judge Gray gave an interesting talk on the habits of various birds and explained to the boys what would happen to humanity if bird life were entirely destroyed.

Establish Permanent Camp For Boy Scouts

GRANT'S PASS, OREGON.—The local Rotary club, organized in March, 1924, has been active in community work and in relief work when floods affected the rural districts along the river. Its major activity at present is encouraging Scout activities, and a permanent camp is now being established on Rogue river within a short distance of the town, where trained Scout leaders can show the boys how to use up much of their surplus energy.

Club Keeps Boys Out of Juvenile Court

TAMPA, FLORIDA.—More than two years ago Tampa Rotarians established a boy's club in West Tampa, a section then contributing largely to the juvenile court lists. This year there is a new secretary in charge; an arrangement whereby a church mission uses the clubhouse and gymnasium; and the club has a budget of \$6,000, which amount was raised at one meeting of Tampa Rotary. The judge of the juvenile court reports that not a single boy from West Tampa was arraigned

for delinquency during the past year. More than 500 boys enjoy the club life and attendance runs as high as 250 in one night.

Tampa Rotary also has a member, T. F. Alexander, who has not missed a meeting since he was club president in 1919.

"Assimilation Committee" Reduces Resignations

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.—Like many other Rotary clubs that at Philadelphia has had its share of resignations. But what startled the directors was the discovery that in some cases there were only a few men who knew the reasons. It was felt that the

members had perhaps not been properly assimilated in the beginning. Accordingly, during the term of the present president a special committee known as the "assimilation committee" was formed, having twenty-two members under the leadership of Walter Bauer. As each new man was elected he met the directors and officers at a dinner held one week prior to the monthly dinner meeting. Later Walter Bauer, himself a director, took charge of these new members and saw that a different member of the assimilation committee took care of them for at least five succeeding luncheons or dinners. The new members must also attend three Rotary educational meetings. Excellent results have been had under this plan and several new members have written expressing their appreciation of the assimilation process.

Entertain Teachers, Also Board of Education

LOGAN, UTAH.—Several years ago Logan Rotarians, on account of their interest in boys, felt the need of closer contact with teachers and those in charge of the educational system. Each year the club holds a dinner and entertainment to which the teachers and members of the City Board of Education are invited. Besides developing a fine spirit of cooperation, this year's gathering permitted discussion of school problems affecting the teachers personally. Probably Logan Rotary is one of the first clubs to hold such meetings.

Entertain Employees And Union Representatives

SUNDERLAND, ENGLAND.—An experiment which will arouse wide interest in Rotary circles is that of the special meeting held by Sunderland Rotarians. Each member brought as his guest either one of his employees or a representative of one of the trades-unions. Canon W. Thompson Elliott, director of R. I., was present and the meeting was also attended by the mayor of Sunderland, the mayor of Durham, two members of Parliament for the borough, and Rotarians from three other clubs. Practically every trade and industry in the district was represented at the gathering. Director Elliott, speaking of Rotary, said that only the prejudiced could doubt the sincerity of the movement and urged better cooperation in industry and commerce. The vote of thanks to Director Elliott was proposed by Past President Cameron and supported by two union representatives, one of whom stated his belief that "if the Rotary spirit were practiced among employers and employed there would be little fear of disputes," whilst the other said the unions

(Continued on page 40)



This picture, forwarded to Special Commissioner Fred W. Teele by Dr. Antonin Sum, president of the Rotary Club of Prague, Czechoslovakia, shows a flag-stand made by a member of that club. This will be a helpful suggestion to those clubs which have been figuring on some way to display forty flags in a small space.

Surgery by Radio

(Continued from page 20)

broke his two thigh bones so that the shattered bones protruded through his trousers. That an artery was severed and the blood pouring steadily out was not discovered until sometime later, for the sailor was being washed clean by the sea as quickly as the blood poured out. When he fell, the vessel shipped a sea which flung him under the staircase. An hour lapsed before he was missed and found. To get him out from the jammed-in position under the staircase and get him into his berth with the vessel pitching and rolling and shipping water was a task for a trained ambulance corps, but the ship's master and its sailors did the best they could do.

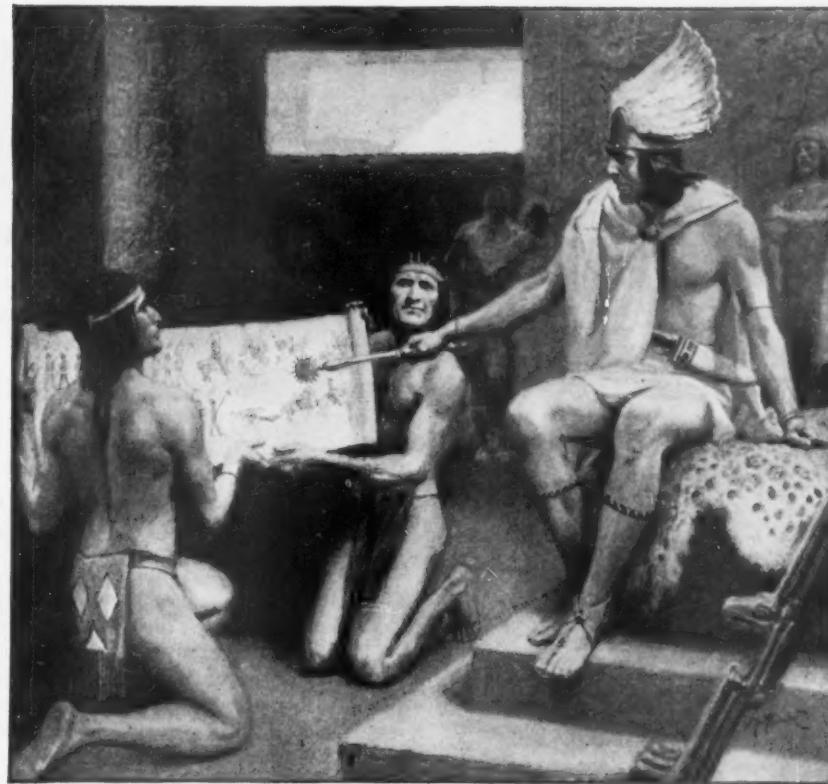
The master was really in a terrible position for he knew that if he touched the bones too much the bleeding which had nearly ceased would commence again and if he left them protruding an infection would quickly be the result. He chose to dress the wound and do it as well as he could amid the unspeakable sufferings of the sailor. Three days later the vessel came into port, the sailor was conveyed to a hospital and died.

If this master could have had the practical assistance and moral support of a physician by means of a radio consultation, the outcome might have been different. Perhaps he needed most of all the moral support because a layman who is face to face with a serious surgical case often needs more courage to desist from doing the wrong thing, than to act in an unsteady and fumbling manner. Just imagine how effective would be a definite instruction from a physician to "cut in; it is his only chance."

Although ship-to-ship radio consultations are being used to an increasing extent, there remains however the difficulty that not all masters or mates of ships have special knowledge of medicine and surgery and very few know how to make an examination of a case in such a way that they can accurately describe it to the consulting physician who otherwise must be in doubt in the matter. It is difficult to inquire, it is still more difficult to answer correctly.

Every sailing physician knows how one may be standing by the ship's rail peering out into the night following one's telegraphic reply with fear that it was given under wrong hypotheses. Perhaps one had replied as one physician to another, and not as one ought to answer a layman. For example, the expression "cut deeply" as understood by the layman might mean something different than what was intended. Very likely it would have been better

(Continued on page 40)



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Building an Investment Account

By John P. Mullen

Assistant Educational Director, Investment Bankers Association of America

THE amazing absorption of more than \$7,395,000,000 of new securities during the past year indicates that the savings of the American people are finding their way on an increasing scale into accepted investment channels. Back of this remarkable response is the realization that as a motive for systematic saving there is nothing more profitable or enticing than the accumulation of sound, fair-yielding investment securities.

As his interest in and demand for investments grow, it becomes all important that the investor have some knowledge of how to prepare a systematic and constructive investment program and how to build an investment account, not only as a precautionary measure against loss, but also to enable him to make his investments profitable.

Safe and profitable investing implies a great deal more than the purchase of securities which meet the tests of a legitimate investment. It entails a consideration of the investor's individual requirements. Too frequently men and women buy bonds or stocks simply because they have the money available, with little thought to the proper co-relation of the securities in their account, and with no conception of the plan or arrangement of their financial reserve most appropriate for the purpose in mind. Nothing on earth demands more thoughtful consideration, more delicate perception, or a greater nicety of selection than the advantageous building and handling of an investment account that will adequately satisfy completely every need of the particular investor. The investment that is wise for Jones may be unwise for Smith, and the bond that is a logical investment for Jones today may be unsuitable for him tomorrow.

The selection of investment securities should be guided in every case by a cold analysis of individual requirements. The wide variance in these requirements clearly indicates that no universal formula can be established. There are, however, a few general considerations which the investor should have in mind when analyzing his needs, considerations which will prove helpful in determining the requirements of the specific account.

The first and most important question confronting the investor is the amount of safety he should buy. Since investments are made primarily for the purpose of preserving funds already possessed, that degree of safety which assures the payment of interest and the return of principal should always be the first consideration. But in some instances anything above that degree represents a waste of investment capital and an excess that must be charged up to poor buying judgment. The desire for unquestioned safety may be somewhat as costly to the investor as is the universal desire for a higher yield than is consistent with safety.

It is not to be inferred, however, that a high degree of safety is not always advantageous. Those who are dependent upon the yield from their investments and those who are investing funds held in trust should always seek a maximum. The wealthy man or the young man without dependents, on the other hand, might be investing just as wisely should he prefer a lower measure of safety and a slightly higher rate of return. The investor's need for safety may vary at different periods, but at all times it should be determined by a consideration of his financial position and the purpose of the investment. His problem is to get the highest return on his money consistent with

safety; but he should never forget that an appropriate measure of security should decide the selection.

Marketability, the readiness with which bonds may be sold, should always be sought in an investment; but here, too, there is a tendency on the part of most investors to over-emphasize. Banks, corporations, and individuals who are making temporary investments and who wish to insure the almost constant liquidity of their funds will profit most by buying bonds that are readily saleable. A high degree of marketability is also an advantage to the man who expects to borrow occasionally by depositing his bonds as collateral. But the average investor, who usually holds his bonds until maturity, needs nothing more than a small portion of his holdings in a highly saleable form. The advantages enjoyed by the bond which is traded in the open market are worth just what they cost. The investor who pays for a wider and more active market than his needs require is wasting his capital.

Where the bond account as a whole possesses a satisfactory marketability, maturity dates are usually of secondary importance. If, however, the investor foresees a definite future need for his funds, he should select a maturity falling within that period, and not rely upon the sale of long-time bonds. Again, investments made in periods of high bond prices should be in short-time securities, with a view to re-investing in long-term bonds when interest rates are more favorable. Lacking any special or definite requirements, the investor will find it to his advantage to invest in long-term issues that afford a favorable yield and that do not require constant attention.

The effect of taxation upon bond yields is another very important consideration for the investor. To determine whether one should buy taxable or tax-exempt securities is a very simple matter, since tables showing the true yields of taxable bonds of different rates for people of different incomes are always available. If the net income of a bond after giving effect to its taxable status is no greater than could be obtained from a tax-exempt government, state or municipal bond, it would be illogical to purchase the taxable security unless it compensates in some other manner for the low yield. Income taxes, state and personal taxes are so complicated and so graduated that it is impossible to show here their effect upon bond yields. The individual must determine for himself, after a thorough study of the tax angle, that selection of bonds which will employ his surplus funds in the most productive fashion.

Besides rate or return, marketabil-

ity, desirability from the point of maturity and tax exemption, there are many other bond features that the investor must take into consideration. They include chance for profit, stability of price, acceptability as collateral, convertability and callability. The degree in which these qualities exist in a given security determines the market value of the bond. While they are all very desirable in themselves, they are features which must be paid for according to their degree; and, unless the investor is very careful to decide just what qualities he desires and the degree of these qualities necessary to his requirements, he is likely to waste his money buying value that affords very little income.

THE most logical, important, and common-sense foundation for the safe and profitable building of an investment account, and, strangely enough, the one most universally disregarded, is the principle of diversification. Absolute safety in any investment is theoretically unattainable, since the safety of every investment is related to a future over which man has little or no control. Some degree of risk always exists, and, whether that risk is actual or potential, any statement of its degree can be, at best, only relative and approximate. This fact cannot be emphasized too strongly. Very often we carelessly designate this or that security as "absolutely safe," when we really mean we hope it will prove safe. We may have complete confidence that a security will pay interest regularly and return the principal sum at maturity, but the fact remains that we cannot speak with full assurance about its future. Great catastrophes recur frequently to remind us of the fallibility of human judgment. Each one of us can readily supply illustrations of that fact from experience.

It is the aim of intelligent diversification to minimize this ever-present element of risk in investments. This end is not achieved, however, merely by the purchase of numerous securities. Thorough and common-sense diversification demands the spreading of credit risk from several standpoints, a few of which will be presented here. But before the investor adopts any of these methods he should make certain that the chief object of that method, in his particular case, is the protection of his invested capital rather than a mere convenience of arrangement.

The most effective plan is to diversify investments according to the amount of capital, according to the type or class, according to geographical locations, and as to maturity. In considering diversification according to the amount of capital, the investor must determine

(Continued on page 46)



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to have stated definite limits of demarcation and then said "cut straight to the bone, no risk doing so in this case."

Out on the ocean where there is a lively wireless traffic the cry of distress is flung out into the night, SOS. It is a liner that is in distress with 400 or more passengers to be saved. SOS means practically the cutting off of all connections except with the ship in distress. However, 700 miles away is a small ship with a deadly sick sailor on board. Has he no right to be helped, provided the radio consultation certainly can take place within a few minutes?

There are many other ethical questions and practices of this new social service which need to be answered to be developed. At present different countries have difficult diagnostical expressions for the same question. This situation may lead to mistakes and misunderstandings; it may lead to too many and too long radiograms often without satisfactory results. There should be a special international code for medical consultations. It ought to be a standard work constructed so as to bring the physician close to the layman on whose shoulders fate often lays a responsibility greater than he can carry. Such a code must be so constructed that everybody independent of his nationality, or his language, or his

education can inquire by the aid of a few words and signs and find out what to do in any particular case.

Such a code should be made by international co-operation among physicians, sailors, and radio experts. One step in this direction has already been taken by the Danish authorities who have promised to present this question to the League of Nations in Geneva. The Danish Government and the Norwegian-Swedish legations in Copenhagen have expressed their keen interest in supporting Dr. Scharling's scheme. I am happy to have the opportunity of setting forth the idea through THE ROTARIAN for Rotarians all over the globe and hope that the scheme meets with sympathy everywhere and that financial support will be offered to meet the expenses which will be incurred.

To bring about what is needed it is necessary to have carefully prepared a detailed plan, together with the greatest possible material evidences of the need of it and of its feasibility, and all such material must be critically sifted and revised.

If by our devotion to this cause it comes to pass that the lives of only a few sailors are saved every year, we would thereby be enabled to pay off a small fraction of the debt we owe to the heroes of the sea.

Rotary Club Activities

(Continued from page 36)

could take off their hats to the Rotary movement as Canon Elliott had expounded it.

Club Saves on Meals; Cripples Benefited

MARYSVILLE, CALIFORNIA.—The local Rotarians, who lost their meeting place when fire destroyed the Elks' Home, are now meeting at the \$176,000 auditorium which Yuba county dedicated to the memory of its soldiers who died in foreign wars. The management installed a modern kitchen where, under the direction of a past president of the club, are prepared meals which are not only tempting, but so ably managed that the club treasury has benefited by the return of about \$1,000 each year—saved from the cost to members. These funds are used for the aid to crippled children.

of children wound through the streets of Deming. One band which was composed of six-year-old youngsters tried its best to match the volume of sound produced by older musicians. Up in front marched Deming Rotarians—more or less hidden from view under their big straw sombreros. Between 850 and 900 school children were in line, many of them distinguished by inexpensive touches of uniform. Gradually the marchers, approached the armory, halted, disbanded. Inside was the Boys' and Girls' Hobby Fair—bigger and better than in previous years. Proud parents tried to conceal their pride; proud youngsters sported red, blue and yellow ribbons.

Later there were athletic events and a boys' picnic out in the foothills of Cook's Peak. A stiff wind made it advisable to take the lads into a draw about eight feet deep where rations could be served more easily. Eager boys formed lines in front of the chuck wagon, ate, returned, ate some more—finally decided they had had enough.

Annual Junior Fair Better Than Ever

DEMING, NEW MEXICO.—Headed by gaily decorated floats a long double file

plans, sought dessert. Everyone thought the days of celebration had been fine—especially the Rotarians who wisely declined preliminary baseball practice, found consolation for ensuing woes in a 3-2 victory over the team from the Junior High School.

\$5,000 for Flood Relief From This Club

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE.—Contributions for the Mississippi Flood Relief Fund continued to come to the office of Lawrence S. Akers, Governor of the 16th Rotary District. During May Governor Akers reported that his home club had contributed \$2,500 and that one hundred individual members had given \$25 each in addition, making the total \$5,000 from Memphis Rotarians alone. Cables from France, Great Britain, Ireland, Italy, New Zealand and other lands expressed the sympathy of Rotarians in those countries with the flood sufferers. Another angle of the situation was revealed by a letter to the Chicago secretariat from the president of the New Orleans club who asked co-operation in suppressing false rumors about levee conditions at New Orleans. The president said that his city is still high and dry.

Move From First Rotary Quarters in Japan

TOKYO, JAPAN.—A necessary break with old associations was made by the local Rotarians when they held their last meeting at the Bankers' Club which for seven years has been the meeting place of Tokyo Rotary and was the first gathering place for Rotarians of Japan. The meeting was attended by about seventy per cent of the members, but the room was full. After expressing the appreciation of the Rotarians for many courtesies shown by the Bankers' Club, Umekichi Yoneyama, Director of Rotary International, presented the officers of the financial group with a pair of silver vases. The Rotarians will now meet at the Tokyo Kaikan, which has been repaired and where there will be room for a one hundred per cent meeting.

Two Free Clinics Held Within a Year

SOMERSET, PENNSYLVANIA.—The Rotary clubs of Somerset and Meyersdale held a free clinic during May, the second within a year. One hundred and thirty-seven crippled children of Somerset County were examined. After their cases are diagnosed they will receive free treatment if the parents cannot bear the expense.

The Somerset club has also maintained contact with the schools, the potato clubs, the farmers, has had fourteen consecutive one hundred per cent meetings, and has furnished the District Governor for the Thirty-third District, Charles F. Uhl.

Twelve New Clubs —But No World Record

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK.—When the 28th District Conference of Rotary International was held at Ottawa, Ontario, Governor William H. Campbell was presented with a watch and was informed that each numeral thereon would serve to remind him of one of the twelve clubs he has organized during the year, or more accurately, during ten months.

Entertain 30 Students From Other Lands

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA.—By way of stressing the Sixth Object of Rotary

the local Rotarians were hosts to thirty foreign students of the three local universities. The students, all seniors, heard a talk by Judge Thompson, would have a message of good-will to take to their respective countries when they left the United States in June.

Capital City Club Raises \$10,000 for Civic Work

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Recently the Rotarians of the Capital City had a unique luncheon at the new home of the Boys' Club. While this junior club is not primarily a Rotary activity, almost all the governors are well known Rotarians. Rotarian Frank R. Jelleff,

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president of the junior club, welcomed the members and visitors; F. V. Thomson, the manager, provided an interesting entertainment, introducing boys in several features. The Boys' Club is so popular that it is impossible to find room for the many desirous of enjoying its privileges and additional quarters must be built soon. Two interested guests at the luncheon were Y. H. Dallman, president of the Springfield, Illinois, Rotary club, and H. E. Stonebreaker, the incoming president of the Rochester, New York, Rotary club, both of whom gave brief talks.

While the Washington Rotarians have not specialized in boys' work they have supported the dispensary of the Children's Hospital for three years—and will continue for two more years. In this way they provide free training and treatment for many crippled or diseased children; the club also furnishes braces for crippled children. During the past financial year the club raised \$10,000 for these and similar efforts.

Because of the many conventions held in Washington the local Rotarians frequently have many visiting members representing one vocation. Twenty-nine of the Capital City members and their ladies attended the Ostend convention.

Provide Scholarships In Two States

TEXARKANA, ARK.-TEX. — Financial support for the rural extension service work of Miller County, Arkansas, and Bowie County, Texas, has been a leading activity of Texarkana Rotarians. The funds are principally used for scholarships at the summer sessions of Texas A. & M. College and the University of Arkansas. Transportation and all other expenses are covered by these scholarships. The Texarkana Rotarians have engaged in this service for four years and the funds are secured by freewill offerings. In addition various Rotarians take a personal interest in the work of rural clubs. It has been found that these scholarships have an effect on the relations of town and country generally in addition to what benefit they bring the counties mentioned.

Field Meet Has 300 Entries

CORPUS CHRISTI, TEXAS. — The desire to do something for the boys of the community in a way that would readily appeal to the boys themselves induced Corpus Christi Rotarians to arrange for a grand field meet. About 300 boys, including both Americans and Mexicans took part in the 32 events on the program. A parade headed by a band and three Scout troops preceded the field meet. The athletic director of the high school and members of his track squad served as officials, and as there were

four classes of competition it was possible to have three or four events run off simultaneously. Every place winner—there were about 120—received a prize, the Rotarians spent about \$200 for those prizes. Another \$150 paid the other expenses, including the cost of brimming barrels of lemonade. Late in the afternoon the prizes were awarded and a club member briefly told the boys something about Rotary. Already both boys and Rotarians are planning a still bigger meet for next year.

115 Out of 147 Members Were Always Present

STOCKTON, CALIFORNIA. — An editorial in the *Stockton Record* comments on the attendance record made by local Rotarians during the presidency of G. Elmer Reynolds. It shows that the club has 147 members, of whom 115 made a perfect attendance score during the year. The club's average is 98.64 per cent, which will compare favorably with that of almost any Rotary club of similar size.

These Boys Had Enough to Eat!

RICHTON, MISSISSIPPI. — When the Rotarians of Richton entertained 75 boys at a fish-fry on the banks of the Boguehouma even the boys admitted that for once there was plenty to eat! The records show that with the assistance of the club members and a few invited guests the boys consumed 222 pounds of fish, 15 cases of soda water, 60 loaves, 2 gallons of catsup and enough pickles to round out the meal. The boys swam until lunch time, then swam again after lunch. About 3 p. m. everyone had had enough swimming and enough fish so the boys wrapped up whatever was left and took it home for those who were not able to attend. The boys' work committee arranged for a short entertainment between other activities.

Hold 41 Hundred Per Cent Meetings in One Year

LA JUNTA, COLORADO. — The local Rotary club, actively interested in boy's work, recently entertained school boys of the graduating class and the school debating team. This club at La Junta also held 41 100 per cent meetings during the Rotary year ending May 1—and the president hopes to have an even better record for the current year.

Help Students and Flood Refugees

SUTTON, WEST VIRGINIA. — Measuring its contribution by the size of the disaster rather than by its own bank account the Rotary club of this town, which has about 35 members, gave \$100 to the flood relief fund. This club recently provided two scholarships for business college students at an average cost of \$120.

Secretaries Hear About Themselves

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.—Rotarian Jim Foley, poet philosopher of Pasadena, California, sent a letter to his friend Louis G. Guernsey, secretary of the Rotary Club of Los Angeles, California. Lou read the letter at the Secretaries Breakfast held during the Second District Conference at Stockton, California, and it was received with great hilarity. Here's what Jim said:

"I am glad you secretaries will have a meeting of your own at Stockton. That will give you a chance to eat something. Always I have observed that while presidents and members are eating, secretaries have to read something while they ought to be eating. You read resolutions through the soup and reports through the fish and meat and names of visiting Rotarians through the salad and dessert and by the time you have finished reading the salvage corps has gotten away with the plates and your lunch is gone glimmering.

"Then, too, you have to sit at the head table and associate with celebrities and that is always distressing. Nothing is quite as disappointing as a celebrity who is making ready to show off. I have never seen a celebrity but I have wondered how he became one. It will be fine for you secretaries to have a meeting by yourselves where none of you will have to seem more intelligent or intellectual than you are naturally. That will impose no intellectual strain on any of you. If you had been intelligent, you would not have let them hang that secretaryship on you.

"Along about this time the Presidents make throaty speeches and command everybody and themselves by inference, modestly say they appreciate their shortcomings, and refer to secretaries as persons without whom they could never have struggled through the year. They do not mean a word of that but it is the truest thing they say. Then they refer to you as their 'good right hands.' Sure! That is why they never tell you anything you ought to be told. They do not want their right hands to know what the left hands are doing. And they get watches and golf bags and medals while secretaries get Scotch gifts—rising votes of thanks. And by the time you think you really are of some importance and usefulness, they slip another secretary just to show you you are not running the whole club, by gosh.

"Then maybe they send you to Ostend to see that the President's baggage does not all go down into the hold of the vessel and sink it with heavy prepared speeches. You are also supposed to sit next to your president and remember the number of his club for him, and what town it is in, when it was estab-

lished and how many members it has. And if you are not lucky enough to be fired out of the job, you become a chronic secretary, with a hollow chest and a little wisp of gray hair, and a pocket full of letters and papers and data and other musty and dusty material and you have shackles on your feet and manacles on your wrists and a broken spirit and a sad eye and no past and no present and no future. And all you get is a fine funeral with delegates present from all the lodges and clubs and other organizations of which you have become secretary, just by getting the secretarial frame of mind and letting people hand a lot of work on you in return for rising, sitting, written and spoken votes of thanks. And gradually you dry up into a little heap of dust until Time is merciful enough to come along and blow you back into the eternal cosmos. The best thing that can happen to a secretary is to get fired before the disease of secretaryship becomes chronic. That gives him a chance to begin at the bottom of the ladder and try to redeem himself by good works in the world of real men.

"So, Lou, give my regards to all the secretaries. I speak feelingly in this matter, because in my life I was all kinds of a secretary until I discovered that the presidents and the directors got all the grub and all I got was gravy spots on the table-cloth that the salvage corps spilled in getting away with my food while I was reading minutes or something. I always got a vote of thanks at the end of the year and if I wanted it engrossed I had to do it myself. To the boys who are going out of office, my congratulations, whether they go by the Ostend or the Hindend route. Some of 'em will go by one route and some by the other. But any way out is good. To the boys who are coming in, tell them there is a lot to learn but there is no need to learn it, because everybody they will meet knows it all anyway, so why worry? I have enjoyed you a lot, your fellowship and your voice, and your patience in adversity and humility. Now I hope you will have a chance to get something to eat and round out that lath-like cadaver of yours. Your body has been starved and your spirit chastened, but thank the Lord the wreck of you is left to build upon. I am glad you are going out on your own feet. Chronic secretaries never go out until upon the twelve feet of pallbearer members and they have no awareness of the indiscernible and undiscoverable vacancy left when they are gone. And when you are sitting upon your hind end at Ostend I hope you will read and enjoy this letter which is written by one who has been many times a secretary of many things and will not be again while there are strawberries for picking instead of prunes."

Constantine's Masterpiece

CONSTANTINOPLE—capital of the old Ottoman empire, in European Turkey, on the Bosphorus, the Golden Horn and the Sea of Marmora. An imperial mistress for nearly sixteen hundred years, this beautiful Byzantine city has seen hundreds of feebler capitals arise and crumble to the dust of the ages. Palaces, mosques, oriental splendor and luxury beyond belief.

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Vancouver





THIS list of 114 Rotary clubs, all organized recently, is a continuation of the list published in the January number. Twenty-two countries are mentioned in this new list, the clubs being apportioned thus: United States, 68 new clubs; England, 19; Venezuela, 1; Scotland, 1; Belgium, 2; Canada, 1; Wales, 2; Porto Rico, 1; Spain, 5; Norway, 1; Australia, 1; South Africa, 1; Colombia, 2; Italy, 1; Finland, 1; Austria, 1; Czecho-Slovakia, 1; Switzerland, 1; Argentine, 1; Costa Rica, 1; Chile, 1; and Denmark, 1. Rotary International now has approximately 2,605 member clubs which are distributed among 40 countries.

King's Lynn, England. Club No. 2428. Organization under the auspices of District Council No. 8; president, Alan G. Hawkins; honorary secretary, A. L. Dorer.

Caracas, Venezuela. Club No. 2429. Organization work completed by Special Commissioner James H. Roth; president, Dr. Vicente Davilla; secretary, Manuel Gonzalez Rincones.

New Wilmington, Pennsylvania. Club No. 2430. Special Representative: J. Lee McMafe of New Castle; president, Thomas R. Jones; secretary, Trevor O. Hogue.

Fairport, New York. Club No. 2431. Special Representative: Harry T. Tinney of Rochester; president, Samuel D. Arms, Jr.; secretary, Lynn Dodge.

Arbroath, Scotland. Club No. 2432. Organized under the auspices of District Council Nos. 1 and 2 (Scottish District Council); president, J. D. Gilruth; honorary secretary, Thomas W. P. Gurley.

Midland Park, New Jersey. Club No. 2433. Special Representative: James Madden of Paterson; president, Wm. H. McNeill; secretary, R. M. Hartmann.

Ripley, Tennessee. Club No. 2434. Special Representative: Cayce B. Parrish of Dyersburg; president, W. Dan Majors; secretary, A. B. Klutta.

Pontefract, England. Club No. 2435. Organized under the auspices of District Council No. 4; president, Rev. J. Young; honorary secretary, A. M. Storr.

Pemberton, New Jersey. Club No. 2436. Special Representative: Morris K. Perinchief of Mount Holly; president, Norman Stockett, Sr.; secretary, Nelson B. Morton.

Ghent, Belgium. Club No. 2437. Organization work completed by Special Commissioner Teele; president, L. Montigny; secretary, E. Vincent.

Minden, Nebraska. Club No. 2438. Special Representative: Tuck Souders of Kearney; president, W. J. Kennedy; secretary, M. A. Mortenson.

Ocean City, New Jersey. Club No. 2439. Special Representative: Harry E. Smith of Atlantic City; president, J. Thornley Hughes; secretary, F. Leroy Howe.

Braintree & Bocking, England. Club No. 2440. Organized under the auspices of District Council No. 8; president, W. B. Lake; honorary secretary, C. B. Saunders.

Napanee, Ontario, Canada. Club No. 2441. Special Representative: Claude L. Gordon of Kingston; president, George W. Gibbard; secretary, C. A. Walters.

Danville, Kentucky. Club No. 2442. Special Representative: J. T. Metcalf of Winchester; president, William Henry Smith; secretary, Madison J. Lee.

Port Talbot, Wales. Club No. 2443. Organized under the auspices of District Council No. 14; president, J. W. Gribble; honorary secretary, T. Stacey Hussell.

Loup City, Nebraska. Club No. 2444. Special Representative: Dr. George Gard of Ord, Nebraska; president, John E. Bowman; secretary, Robert H. Mathew.

Mayaguez, Porto Rico. Club No. 2445. Organization work completed by Special Commissioner James H. Roth; president, Jose Sabater; secretary, Oscar Soufron.

Chester, South Carolina. Club No. 2446. Special Representative: Roddy Reid of Rock Hill, South Carolina; president, John V. Brookshire; secretary, Myron E. Brockmann.

Marked Tree, Arkansas. Club No. 2447. Special Representative: Joe C. Barrett of Jonesboro, Arkansas; president, John A. Brunner; secretary, T. C. Brigance.

Tenby, England. Club No. 2448. Organized under the auspices of District No. 10; president, D. Ross Kilpatrick; honorary secretary, H. F. Kelley.

San Leandro, California. Club No. 2449. Special Representative: Thomas B. Bridges of

Oakland, California; president, John A. Deadrich, Jr.; secretary, Edgar M. Hayes.

Asheboro, North Carolina. Club No. 2450. Special Representative: Joe D. Cox of High Point, North Carolina; president, Arthur Ross; secretary, Hugh Parks.

Atlanta, Texas. Club No. 2451. Special Representative: J. F. Stucky of Longview, Texas; president, W. Glenn Goodwin; secretary, C. D. Holland.

Felixstowe, England. Club No. 2452. Organized under the auspices of District Council No. 8; president, Rev. W. Cocks; honorary secretary, D'Arcy Clayton.

Townsville, Australia. Club No. 2453. Organized by T. McWilliam, Special Commissioner for Queensland; president, J. N. Parkes; honorary secretary, E. L. Brown.

Charleroi, Belgium. Club No. 2454. Organization work completed by Dr. Edouard Willems, Special Representative of R. I.; president, Adolphe Helas; secretary, Oscar Bairiot.

DeLand, Florida. Club No. 2455. Special Representative: Robert S. Holmes of Daytona Beach, Florida; president, Lincoln Hulley; secretary, Robert P. Walters.

Vinton, Louisiana. Club No. 2456. Special Representative: H. M. Watkins of Lake Charles, Louisiana; president, J. N. Wetherill; secretary, T. W. Lyons.

Natick, Massachusetts. Club No. 2457. Special Representative: Edward H. Howard of Framingham, Massachusetts; president, Henry G. Fiske; secretary, J. Alden Wentworth.

Dallas Center, Ia. Club No. 2458. Special Representative: Charles A. Capper of Adel, Iowa; president, Charles Rhinehart; secretary, Harry S. Fox.

La Coruna, Spain. Club No. 2459. Organization work completed by Special Representative Juan A. Meana; president, Jose Pan de Soriano; secretary, Felipe Perez Rodriguez.

Fortuna, California. Club No. 2460. Special Representative: Hugh A. Graham of Eureka, California; president, Paul E. Mudgett; secretary, George R. Lane.

Greenville, Michigan. Club No. 2461. Special Representative: Richard H. Loppenthien of Hastings, Michigan; president, C. M. Miller; secretary, William R. Booker.

Saybrook, Connecticut. Club No. 2462. Special Representative: Ernest M. Libby of Midtown, Connecticut; president, Carl W. Maddocks; secretary, John S. Rankin.

Bloemfontein, South Africa. Club No. 2463. Organization work completed by Special Commissioner R. W. Rusterholz; president, Ivan H. Haarburger; honorary secretary, G. C. G. Werdmuller.

Ithaca, New York. Club No. 2464. Special Representative: Thomas Kennedy of Ithaca, New York; president, James E. Rice; secretary, C. Owen Carman.

Burgos, Spain. Club No. 2465. Organization work completed by Special Representative Juan A. Meana; president, Leandro G. de Cadinanos; secretary, Lucas Rodriguez.

Ludlow, Vermont. Club No. 2466. Special Representative: Allen H. Britton of Windsor, Vermont; president, Olin D. Gay; secretary, George P. Levey.

Bogota, Colombia. Club No. 2467. Organization work completed by Special Commissioner James H. Roth; president, Rafael Salazar; secretary, Jorge Soto del Corral.

Piacenza, Italy. Club No. 2468. Organized by Special Representative Achille Bosi; president, Hon. Count Bernardo Barbiellini Amidei; secretary, Rag. Filippo Savi.

Eston District, England. Club No. 2469. Organized under the auspices of District Council No. 4; president, Rev. W. H. Baddeley; honorary secretary, G. F. Simpson.

Helsinki-Helsingfors, Finland. Club No. 2470. Organization work completed by Special Com-

missioner Fred Warren Teele; president, Prof. B. Wuolle; secretary, P. T. Thorwall.

Cambridge, Nebraska. Club No. 2471. Special Representative: Governor Roy Roland of Mitchell, South Dakota; president, Ben F. Butler; secretary, Glenn C. Chadderdon.

Culpepper, Virginia. Club No. 2472. Special Representative: Will H. Surber of Charlottesville, Virginia; president, P. Winfree Fore; secretary, Robert Button.

Gurdon, Arkansas. Club No. 2473. Special Representative: A. S. Buchanan of Prescott, Arkansas; president, Dawson D. Pointer; secretary, Horace C. Cabe.

Littlefield, Texas. Club No. 2474. Special Representative: Neil H. Wright of Lubbock, Texas; president, E. A. Bills; secretary, J. S. Hilliard.

Mallorca, Spain. Club No. 2475. Organization work completed by Special Representative: Meana; president, Narciso Canals; secretary, Jaime Ensenat.

Skien, Norway. Club No. 2476. Organization work completed by Special Commissioner Teele; president, Arthur Aanesen; secretary, Karl Martens.

Plattsmouth, Nebraska. Club No. 2477. Special Representative: Ray Kingsley of Omaha, Nebraska; president, Searl S. Davis; secretary, Paul T. Heineman.

Azusa, California. Club No. 2478. Special Representative: Harry Damerol of Covina, California; president, Joseph B. Stair; secretary, Paul H. Brecht.

Earle, Arkansas. Club No. 2479. Special Representative: Charles S. Lemons of Wynne, Arkansas; president, Robert A. Scott; secretary, Henry C. Williamson.

Salzburg, Austria. Club No. 2480. Organization work completed by Special Commissioner Fred Warren Teele; president, Comm. Georg Jung; secretary, Georg Poch.

Salem, Illinois. Club No. 2481. Special Representative: Fred Wham of Centralia, Illinois; president, A. J. Sweney, secretary, Charles L. Edwards.

Melbourne, Florida. Club No. 2482. Special Representative: Russel A Field of Cocoa, Florida; president, J. A. Murdoch; secretary, David Barnes.

Gijon, Spain. Club No. 2483. Organization work completed by Special Representative Juan A. Meana; president, Dionisio Velasco; secretary, Antonio Litourmant.

Carlsbad, Czechoslovakia. Club No. 2484. Organization work completed by Special Commissioner Fred Warren Teele; president, Charles E. Schlecht; secretary, Emilian Skramlik-Croneuth.

Barranquilla, Colombia. Club No. 2485. Organization work completed by Special Commissioner James Roth; president, Francisco Carbonell Gonzalez; secretary, Louis Carlos Galofre.

Hendon, England. Club No. 2486. Elected under the auspices of District Council No. 13; president, Alfred Dugdale; honorary secretary, Stuart Burton Donald.

Crescent City, Florida. Club No. 2487. Special Representative: Howell A. Davis of Palatka, Florida; president, George C. Miller; secretary, Eron Matthew Pickens.

Neuchatel, Switzerland. Club No. 2488. Organization work completed by District Governor Hugo E. Prager; president, Fritz de Rutté; secretary, Edmond Guinand.

Stoke-on-Trent, England. Club No. 2489. Elected under the auspices of District Council No. 6; president, Frank H. Wedgwood; honorary secretary, Donald H. Bates.

Illington, England. Club No. 2490. Elected under the auspices of District Council No. 13; president, Magnus Goodfellow; honorary secretary, Bernard Hamilton Newton.

Wood Green, England. Club No. 2491. Elected under the auspices of District Council No. 13; president, J. T. Jackson; honorary secretary, E. H. Lake.

Amarillo, Texas. Club No. 2492. Special Representative: Hermon C. Pipkin of Amarillo, Texas; president, Charles C. Cook; secretary, W. G. Upton.

Ozark, Nebraska. Club No. 2493. Special Representative: Elmer Coates of North Platte, Nebraska; president, Charles E. Allen; secretary, Charles H. Sheets.

Hazelton, Pennsylvania. Club No. 2494. Special Representative: Victor Oswald of Hazelton, Pennsylvania; president, A. L. Mitke; secretary, J. Howard Norris.

St. Augustine, Florida. Club No. 2495. Special Representative: J. D. Rahner of St. Augustine, Florida; president, E. G. Coe; secretary, C. H. Bischler.

Cordoba, Argentine. Club No. 2496. Organization work completed by Special Commissioner Coates; president, Guillermo Rothe; secretary, Carlos Estrada Ponce.

Athens, Texas. Club No. 2497. Special representative: Reagan B. Still of Tyler, Texas; president, Winfield B. Stirman; secretary, Ike P. LaRue.

Bognor, England. Club No. 2498. Organized under auspices of District Council No. 12; president, A. G. Whitehead; honorary secretary, T. W. Marshall.

Macclesfield, England. Club No. 2499. Organized under the auspices of District Council No. 5; president, Jos. Wellings; honorary secretary, Gordon T. Barry.

Waverly, Iowa. Special Representative: C. A. Morris of Waterloo, Iowa; president, George J. Kaiser; secretary, Leo R. Gorman.

San Jose, Costa Rica. Club No. 2501. Organization work completed by Special Commissioner James H. Roth; president, Felipe J. Alvarado; secretary, Roberto G. Brenes.

Mobridge, South Dakota. Club No. 2502. Special Representative: Sam Calmenson of Aberdeen, South Dakota; president, Garfield G. Tunell; secretary, Jerry E. Schlatter.

San Saba, Texas. Club No. 2503. Special Representative: Jesse McAdams of Brownwood, Texas; president, W. C. Dofflemeyer; secretary, Wm. D. Cargill.

Brixton, England. Club No. 2504. Organized under the auspices of District Council No. 13; president, W. L. Bragg; honorary secretary, D. S. Young.

Nelson, England. Club No. 2505. Organized under the auspices of District Council No. 5; president, Dr. H. D. Haworth; honorary secretary, E. Jas. Crabtree.

Malaga, Spain. Club No. 2506. Organization work completed by Special Representative Meana; president, Juan Antonio Lopez; secretary, José Creixell.

San Antonio, Chile. Club No. 2507. Organized under the auspices of Dr. Eduardo Moore, president of the Rotary Club of Santiago, and Director I. B. Sutton; president, Luciano Claude; secretary, Roberto Spencer.

Covington, Louisiana. Club No. 2508. Special Representative: H. P. Mitchell of Hammond, Louisiana; president, Paul L. Winchester; secretary, Robert H. Dutsch.

Falmouth, Massachusetts. Club No. 2509. Special Representative: F. Howard Hinckley of Hyannis, Massachusetts; president, Paul Dillingham; secretary, Joseph B. Miskell.

Brady, Texas. Club No. 2510. Special Representative: Jesse McAdams of Brownwood, Texas; president, Rev. J. T. King; secretary, Carl A. Blasig.

Dallas, Pennsylvania. Club No. 2511. Special Representative: Dana C. Neil of Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania; president, Claude T. Isaacs; secretary, James F. Beseker.

Hebberville, Texas. Club No. 2512. Special Representative: Edw. L. Roberson of Laredo, Texas; president, Fred Patten; secretary, Robert R. Mullen.

Fredonia, New York. Club No. 2513. Special Representatives: Herbert Hart and Perry Little of Buffalo, New York; president, A. P. Chessman; secretary, Robert T. Logan.

Malvern, Arkansas. Club No. 2514. Special Representative: John L. Hughes of Benton, Arkansas; president, John L. Pratt; secretary, Sam A. Leath.

Willits, California. Club No. 2515. Special Representative: John H. Kirkpatrick of Ukiah, California; president, W. A. S. Foster; secretary, S. F. Dunnire.

Darby-Lansdowne, Pennsylvania. Club No. 2516. Special Representative: J. Elmer Watts of Ardmore, Pennsylvania; president, Albert J. Crawford; secretary, Herbert L. Hutchinson.

Johnson City, New York. Club No. 2517. Special Representative: Thomas A. MacClary of Endicott, New York; president, Howard B. Eccleston; secretary, James E. Connerton.

East Orange, New Jersey. Club No. 2518. Special Representative: Jacob P. Zingg of Orange, New Jersey; president, Herbert Adams; secretary, Frederick Swift.

Middlebury, Vermont. Club No. 2519. Special Representative: Stephen A. Doody of Claremont (Continued on p. 64)

IT'S WHAT THE YOUNGER CROWD THINKS ABOUT IT!

N

OW the whole world
talks the language of this
younger generation, follows
their fashions, plays their
flashing games—and obviously
takes their opinion on tobacco
matters very seriously, for
the younger set's most favored
brand is the *largest selling*
quality cigarette in the world!

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Building An Investment Account

(Continued from page 39)

that unit which will prevent the number of securities from becoming burdensome and at the same time give him the widest distribution possible within the limits of his investment capital. There is no rule to follow other than that dictated by common-sense.

Whether a man sets as his unit \$100 or \$10,000 must be determined by the amount he can invest systematically, the availability of different issues at a price corresponding to that unit, the time he can give to the handling of his account, and the extent of the distribution he wishes to achieve. The point to be kept in mind is that some unit is necessary as a guide to intelligent diversification. It will vary with different individuals and with the same individual at different periods, but it should never be disregarded without reason, and should be kept as low as possible.

Diversification according to type of security or, in other words, according to the character of the issuer can be very easily accomplished within the artificial limits imposed by taxation. It is so obviously common-sense and judicious that it should require little urging. While it is conceivable that one calamity might affect all classes of corporations and governments at the same time, it is much less probable; and the investor who has effected a distribution representing the best investments in all the different types has taken a great step toward cutting down the element of risk. Diversification of this nature should follow some plan which estab-

lishes the amount of each class to be held. A good diversification for the ordinary investor might be arranged something like this: 15 per cent in foreign government bonds; 20 per cent in railroad bonds; 30 per cent in public utility; 25 per cent in industrials; and the remaining 10 per cent in real estate, municipal or government securities, or in good preferred stocks. In each class there should be a further diversification. All railroad bonds should not be the obligations of one or two systems, or even of one type of road alone. Utilities should include traction, gas, telephone, power and light bonds, further distributed according to the issuing companies. It is always best to see that no one class of security or no one issuing corporation is represented too heavily in the account.

Past experience with defaults and repudiations should warn the investor that it is unwise to trust all his savings to one locality. Hardships have fallen on certain sections of America and Europe which have greatly impaired the safety of loans therein. No locality is immune. A consideration of the defaults and repudiations in the southern and northwest sections of the United States and the hardships suffered by industrials and utilities during certain periods in the east will make evident to the investor the foolhardiness of neglecting a geographical distribution.

There are two very good reasons for providing a diversification according to maturity. To have all securities ma-

ture at the same time would be unwise, since it would necessitate reinvestment of all funds under money conditions which might be disadvantageous. If bond prices at the maturity date should be higher than at the time the investment was made, a shrinkage in the income from the account would be unavoidable. Moreover, by providing for diversification in maturity the investor is taking the best possible step to prevent a great fluctuation of the purchasing power of his savings. Variations in the value of the dollar over long periods add a speculative feature to investments, which should be guarded against by having a portion of the account mature every few years.

The one thought that the investor should keep in mind is that diversification is never a substitute for caution or good judgment. One cannot expect to profit by diversification, if he neglects to exercise good buying judgment and purchases bonds with no thought to his individual needs or to the requirements of the account he is trying to build. Diversification is a sensible attempt to minimize the ever-present element of risk. It is an attempt to make a good investment account better. It cannot make investments in inferior securities profitable. The man or woman who is building the reserve structure of an investment account should be concerned primarily with the soundness of the individual securities, and then with that arrangement of these securities which will be most feasible and profitable.

Books are Friends

(Continued from page 21)

with Lanier we visit the Marshes of Glynn, those—

*Tolerant plains, that suffer the sea and
the rains and the sun
And spread and span like the Catholic
man who hath mightily won
God out of knowledge and good out of
infinite pain
And sight out of blindness and purity
out of a stain.*

If we seek inspiration from adventure, we may find it with Hubbard in "A Message to Garcia"; and if we would participate in that fellowship that passes all understanding, with Father Ryan—

*We walk down the Valley of Silence—
Down the dim, voiceless valley—alone!
And we hear not the fall of a footstep*

*Around us, save God's and our own;
And the hush of our heart is as holy
As hovers where angels have flown!*

It was Petrarch who said: "I have friends whose society is extremely agreeable to me; they are of all ages and of every country. They have distinguished themselves both in the cabinet and in the field, and obtained high honors for their knowledge of the sciences. It is easy to gain access to them, for they are always at my service and I admit them to my company, and dismiss them from it, whenever I please. They are never troublesome, but immediately answer every question I ask them. Some relate to me the events of past ages, while others reveal to me the secrets of Nature. Some teach me how to live, and others how

to die. Some, by their vavacity, drive away my cares and exhilarate my spirits; while others give fortitude to my mind, and teach me the important lesson how to restrain my desires, and to depend wholly on myself. They open to me, in short, the various avenues of all the arts and sciences, and upon their information I may safely rely in all emergencies. In return for all their services they only ask me to accommodate them with a convenient chamber in some corner of my humble habitation, where they may repose in peace; for these friends are more delighted by the tranquility of retirement than with all the tumults of society."

It is through the opiate of books that we forget time and space, and standing with the shepherd-poet on Judean hills, exclaim:

*The heavens declare the glory of God,
And the firmament showeth His handi-
work;
Day unto day uttereth speech,
At night unto night sheweth knowl-
edge.*

With Paul we stand in the midst of the Athenians on Mars hill, and declare unto them, "Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious. For as I passed by, and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, 'TO THE UNKNOWN GOD.' Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, Him declared I unto you."

Through the sightless orbs of Milton we behold Satan, as—

*Him the Almighty Power hurled head-
long,
Flaming from the ethereal sky.*

With Gray we visit "The Country Church Yard"; and with Byron we paint the Twilight, and note—

*It is the hour when from the boughs
The nightingale's high note is heard;
It is the hour when lovers' vows
Seem sweet in every whispered word;
And gentle winds, and waters near,
Make music to the lonely ear.
Each flower the dews have lightly wet,
And in the sky the stars are met,
And on the wave is deeper blue,
And on the leaf a browner hue,
And in the heaven that clear obscure
So softly dark, and darkly pure,
Which follows the decline of day,
As twilight melts beneath the moon
away.*

And it is with Pollok that we behold Byron as—

*He laid his hand upon the "Ocean's
mane,"
And played familiar with his hoary
locks;*

or—

*Stood on the Alps, stood on the Apen-
nines,
And with the Thunder talked as friend
to friend;
And wove his garland of the Light-
ning's wing
In sportive twist.*

It is with Pepys that we gaze upon the great London fire; learn of the inner life of royalty, and shrink with horror from the ribaldry of seventeenth-century England.

With Dante we traverse the regions of the damned; and with Campbell we look upon the studded breast of Night, and cry out:

*Eternal Hope! when yonder spheres
sublime
Pealed their first note to sound the
march of Time,
Thy joyous youth began—but not to
fade.—
When all thy sister planets have de-
cayed;
When wrapt in fire the realms of ether
glow
And Heaven's last thunder shakes the
world below;
Thou, undismayed, shalt o'er the ruins
smile,
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral
pile.*

Yes, books are friends!

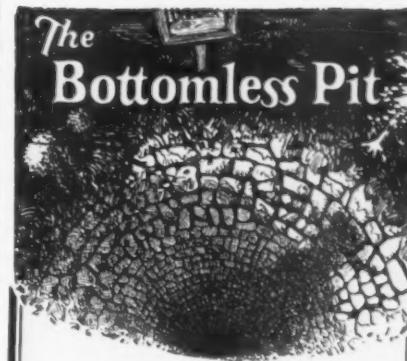
Let the Men Do the Work

(Continued from page 17)

chicken which have been well salted and peppered with the skin-side downwards. If you have any cold boiled or baked potatoes, split them in two and arrange them all round the chicken. Then close the gridiron. If you are not using bacon smear the chicken and potatoes with dripping. Now put it on a nice clear fire and turn it often so as to prevent it getting smoked as the fat drops into the coals. It requires from seven to ten minutes according to the size of the bird. You must use your own judgment in this but do not over-cook it or it will be dry. A three-pound chicken cooked this way is sufficient for four people, each half being

cut in two for a portion. Serve a green vegetable with it. Chicken cooked this way beats any other method of preparing it.

A mixed broil is also an easily prepared dish, especially if it be for two persons only. Two lamb kidneys, skinned and split; two lamb chops; two (or four) frankfurters; some mushrooms, well washed but not skinned; a couple of firm and not over-ripe tomatoes and a baked potato or two, split in halves. Arrange these on your gridiron with the chops in the center and the kidneys around them; then the sausages surrounding these with the potatoes and tomatoes toward the edge of



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the grid, the tomatoes being on the outside as they need the least cooking. Wherever there be a space between all these good things, stuff in a mushroom. Close the gridiron, salt and pepper everything and smear them on both sides with dripping or butter (the latter is very extravagant) and broil them over a clear fire. Turn it often. If it cooks too quickly raise it further from the fire. Some cooks will tell you that these different things require different times to cook, but if you arrange them as directed they will cook all at once and in the right proportion. Lamb chops should never be overcooked and kidneys should always retain their gravy. The mushrooms are kept moist by being surrounded by the meat and are basted with the fat in the sausages. The potatoes only need warming through and if the tomatoes, which are on the outside and thus get less heat than anything else, be overcooked they wilt away. The whole thing can be cooked in seven minutes.

There really is no end to the delights of open-fire broiling. The only thing to remember is that the fire must be clear and hot. It is no good trying to cook over a smoky fire made of green wood, and the fire should be built and lighted twenty minutes or half-an-hour before you intend to start the cooking.

In a suburban garden where there may be a shortage of wood, excellent results can be obtained by using charcoal. This makes a fine, hot, clear fire but there is just that little something missing which dried wood, picked up on the river bank, gives the meat.

Shell fish cooked over the fire is supremely wonderful. If you live near the beach and can get oysters and hard clams, do not fail to try this mode of cooking them. I am perfectly aware that raw clams and oysters are better than any cooked ones, but sometimes one likes a change; besides which, broiling them saves the trouble of opening them and then there is the added thrill of watching them cook.

ARANGE your bivalves neatly on the closed gridiron, with all the hinges pointing the same way. With great care, so that they do not slip off, balance them on two or three stones about four or five inches above the clear hot coals. In a few moments you will hear a slight hiss and then perhaps a sputter. This is the clam laughing at the kindly heat. In less than a minute he will laugh so loudly that his shell opens wide and then— Oh, then you eat him. But be careful you do not burn your tongue. He is boiling hot. Do not use tabasco or horseradish sauce. They spoil the flavor. Eat him as you would eat your best friend, were you a cannibal, without fixings.

Oysters are cooked in exactly the

same way but be careful to lay them deep shell downwards. This will hold the gravy though the oyster will stick to the flat shell. A touch of a sharp knife will detach him and he will fall into his own juice. Eat as many as you can. A dozen oysters are as nourishing as a mutton chop, if not more so.

I am not going to give the recipe for broiling lobsters, for, delicious though they be, I do not approve of this method of cooking them. Oysters and clams are different; they are very low in the scale of evolution and I feel certain that they have no more feeling than have the composers of jazz music in "Tin Pan Alley." A lobster is a gentleman and should be plunged into fiercely boiling water which has been well salted, and left for not over ten minutes—or until he is quite red. The over-boiling of lobsters makes them tough and indigestible. I may be criticized for saying so, but a properly boiled lobster is *not* indigestible.

If you are really enthusiastic about outdoor cookery, it is quite possible to roast a joint of beef or lamb at the open fireplace. Ovens, three-sided arrangements, can be obtained at the sporting-goods stores, which roast most admirably. Meat cooked this way is so vastly superior to that roasted (or rather baked) in the ordinary cook stove that it scarcely tastes like what we are accustomed to call roast meat. As a matter of fact it really is roasted instead of being baked.

The open fire is certainly the ideal kitchen for the summer and autumn months and it very often can be used right up to Christmas. It is not only the most wholesome way of cooking but it is the most palatable and the least troublesome.

It is not possible, however, for everyone to have an open fire, but needless to say, if the cooking be done in the kitchen it is scarcely probable that the man of the family will be induced to lend a hand. Men seem to have the idea that to cook in the kitchen is effeminate or at all events the usurpation of the Rights of Women. And yet all the great chefs are men: even the humblest of the restaurants has a man cook, though more often than not he is not worthy of the name and were the business properly organized, he would be prosecuted for obtaining money under false pretenses.

Therefore, O Ladies, unless you get your husbands to build that open grate, you may still have to "feed the brute." But why not make it as simple as possible? After all, men want but little here below but they want that little good.

Try him with a "Carpet Bag." Even the name suggests mystery. But in the end it is as simple as simple can be.

Get the butcher to cut you a large, thin (about half or three-quarter of an-inch thick), round steak. Dust it over with salt and pepper and fold it over, trimming the edges so that they meet. Then either skewer or sew up with a packing needle and thread almost all the way round but leave open a space of about four inches. Do not break the thread yet. Through this space put as many oysters as the pouch will hold or as you can afford. Then close the gap. Salt and pepper the outside and then broil this curious steak for five minutes on either side. A clear fire is best but it can also be done in the gas stove.

Serve it with green vegetables and to carve it, cut it right through with a sharp knife. The dish should be deep and large enough to accommodate the oysters and gravy as the incision is made. Of course you realize that the steak is only cooked on one side, but being thin it is cooked through. Like all red meat, however, it should be underdone.

This is an excellent dish.

NOW I like my lamb kidneys cooked whole though I know it is customary to split them. (By the way, kidneys and calves' liver are two of the most wholesome and nutritious things you can eat.) And kidneys cooked my way are one of the few things that can be cooked in the frying-pan. (I despise the frying-pan as an utensil for cooking meat!)

Skin the kidneys and drop them for three seconds—only three seconds—into absolutely boiling water. Then place them in the hot frying-pan with several strips of fat bacon. Turn them over continually so that they get evenly done all over and are not just burned on the flattish sides. It will take about seven minutes to complete this. Then take the kidneys and bacon out and put them on a hot plate; put half a teaspoonful of water in the pan with a dash of pepper—there is sufficient salt with the bacon. Bring it to a sharp boil, rouse it around with a steel fork and stir up all the thick gravy adhering to the bottom of the frying-pan. Then pour this over the kidneys and serve while they are piping hot. The object of dropping them into the boiling water is to seal them and make them hold most of their juices. When you cut them in two they are thoroughly done but full of the richest gravy.

Kidneys and bacon are a great dish for "brunch," i. e., Sunday mid-day meal, a combination of breakfast and lunch. They are one of the few meats with which you can drink coffee without endangering that most precious of possessions, your health.

The Romance of the Royal Mounted

(Continued from page 23)

the roving and marauding bands of Indians never forgot, and, what is equally important, never dared to attack.

So impressed were the Indians along the route that a series of treaties was easily concluded, and the government, through its daring representatives, assumed control of the aboriginal inhabitants."

Those members of the force who made the round trip (many were of necessity left to occupy the posts established *en route*) traveled approximately two thousand miles, through the entire range of Western Canada's climate from summer to early winter, and although some of the men fell sick, there was not a single fatality—a striking tribute to their stamina and discipline and the thoroughness of their organization.

SO began the occupation of "the great lone land" by the scarlet-coated riders of the plains. To sketch, even in the most fragmentary manner, their achievements from that day to this is far beyond the scope of a magazine article. Their activities have embraced the whole arc between controlling resolute Indians and enforcing fire regulations among careless settlers. Scarcely had they found their feet in prairie-land when they were confronted with a situation charged with the possibilities of both national and international reactions. Thousands of warlike Indians, crowded too close for comfort by the military forces of the United States, crossed over the boundary into Canada. The problem of the Mounted Police was not merely to maintain order among these Indians, but to prevent them using Canada as a base from which to conduct hostile raids into the territory of a friendly neighboring nation. That a mere handful of "red-coats," in scattered detachments, separated by hundreds of miles of unbroken wilderness, were able to accomplish this, stands as an unique record of law enforcement under frontier conditions.

The Indians had also their own tribal feuds among themselves, which they preferred to fight out after their own fashion. These had to be suppressed. The building of the Canadian Pacific railway, with the introduction of great numbers of white laborers, presented a new series of problems. The outbreak in 1885 of the second Reil rebellion found the Mounted Police bearing the brunt until troops could arrive from Eastern Canada. After the rebellion

had been crushed Western Canada settled into a long period of peace and progress, but in 1898 the Mounted Police were again called upon to meet an unprecedented situation arising from the rush of thousands of miners into the gold regions of the Yukon. In every instance the resourcefulness and efficiency of the force proved equal to the occasion, and Western Canada has retained its reputation of being a frontier country "wrapped in universal law."

In recent years the establishment of local autonomy with its own police control throughout the prairies has moved the sphere of action of the Royal

Mounted further and further afield. Civilization has moved into what was so recently wilderness; the dream of Butler has been already realized. But out from the untracked wastes of the Far North, and from the islands of the Arctic sea, still filter from time to time modest despatches of heroism and devotion to duty which bear unquestionable evidence that the spirit of the force lives on. League by league the map of the North is being unrolled, and always, ahead of settlement, ahead of civilization, go the scarlet riders, carrying with them the principles of justice and the authority of the dominion which they so nobly represent.

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"Save 10 Per Cent" Says Brown

(Continued from page 19)

employee, the upbuilding of a finer appreciation of his relationship to the world of business and the education he receives in the art of investing wisely. In all the history of the companies there has never been a strike, a labor organization, or anything other than cooperation and good will. Eighty-one per cent of the employees are stockholders in the company they serve.

"Two things are good for a man," remarked Cleyson Brown in discussing his philosophy of life. "One is that he should get some enjoyment out of this world for himself. 'Time off' is a builder of health and fits a man for a larger outlook on affairs. Every person should have a vacation. The other is that he should make his surplus funds, after he has provided for his family, do good to somebody. I don't know that these principles are laid down in just these words in Rotary but I do know that the spirit of service includes them—the first as well as the second. When we ask our employees to save a portion of their salaries regularly and systematically, it is for a larger purpose than merely laying up money for money's sake. Besides instilling a habit of thrift it makes possible the recreation that is every man's due and the possibility of reaching out a helping hand to his fellows. Like-

wise comes a consciousness of security. No man or woman who is worried gets the fullness of life. A savings account in the bank, a home paid for, some investments that lie in a deposit box as an anchor to windward, constitute a tonic and stimulation for successful effort in business or profession.

"Another thing. The saving is not alone of money but of time—part of the employee's time is set apart and its earning goes to work for the employee himself. This I impress on the worker—he increases his efficiency when he has savings invested and working as well as himself. That is a phase of which many never thought."

"I get scores of letters asking for jobs in the companies with the plea that the writers want to be compelled to save. One from Iowa came in today's mail. The writer is 36 years old, has a wife and three children, gets \$2,500. Never saved a dollar. Wants to be where he will have to lay aside something. These are folks who cannot work out their own financial salvation but could if there were a rule by which they must live."

"Then letters come from employers and students of economics in every part of the United States asking about our savings plan or commenting upon it.

Some declare it is unwarranted assumption of authority to regulate what shall be done with an employee's salary. But the test of any system is its actual results. If the hundreds of expressions of thankfulness for leading them into ways of thrift and of desire for its continuance are to be believed, satisfaction is general among our employees. The procedure has passed beyond the experimental stage—and I believe would go on with most of the employees if the rule were entirely suspended. That is exactly what I hoped when we originated it. Anyhow we are almost to a million dollars definitely accounted for, the average nest-egg being \$636.00. The figures speak for themselves—and I doubt if there is anywhere a group of employees of similar number in which every one has saved at least ten per cent of his salary for five years past."

Unique in its method and carried out with an earnest effort to accomplish good for the employee, this savings plan may point the way to a larger movement in thrift than has yet been devised. Anyhow, as Mr. Brown says, there is nearly a million dollars saved and safely invested by fourteen hundred employees as a visible evidence of its accomplishment.

The University City

(Continued from page 15)

Zealanders, Canadians, Japanese, Hindoos, Koreans, French, British and others. Leading men have seen possibilities in this friendly rivalry and as a result the world benefits through Rhodes scholarships and other student exchanges. The professors too, are frequently invited to come and lecture in distant lands. So we arrive at projects like the Cité Universitaire.

To appreciate this plan more thoroughly we should remember that educational facilities were greatly strained at the close of the World War. Those whose academic career had been interrupted for years came flocking back, newcomers were clamouring for admission and relief from nervous strain. The Latin Quarter of Paris, picturesque home of generations of students, became more packed than ever. Caught between the falling exchange and the high rents, the Paris student like many

another in Europe, was often compelled to sacrifice either present comfort or a preparation which had taken years. He could not, like his mediæval ancestor, simply shove his book in his pocket and walk to another town. Chances were that the other town might be no better in some respects—and the modern university requires laboratories and other equipment which cannot be easily moved or created offhand. So in 1921 came this scheme for a modified migration and a new international influence—the Cité Universitaire.

It began in 1920 when the late M. Emile Deutsch de la Meurthe offered M. Appell, Rector of the University of Paris, the sum of 10,000,000 francs as endowment for a small garden city where 350 students could find modern living conditions at reasonable cost. While a site was being sought, M. André Honnorat, then Minister of Pub-

lic Instruction and now President of the Cité, proposed to make this gift the nucleus for a scheme applicable to at least 3,000 students and to give this colony an international character suited to the University's tradition. With this plan M. de la Meurthe was in complete sympathy.

Soon after the war the French government demolished certain fortifications on the southern edge of Paris. About seventy acres of land thus freed were presented to the University. This tract, which blends with the wooded Parc Montsouris, gave a healthful and beautiful location for the Cité. It is connected with the University itself by three tree-lined avenues. Students can walk the distance in half an hour, or if pressed for time, can take the suburban railroad, the subway or the automobile.

The University will donate a piece of

this land to any group of citizens from any one nation who wish to erect a student dormitory thereon. It is financially impossible for the University—a State institution—to do all the building itself. The offer of land is only limited by the condition that these dormitories be erected within a reasonable time and that they provide the proportion of 400 students housed on each hectare of ground. Foreign students compose about one-seventh of the whole body, and many nations have been swift to help their own people while simultaneously paying deserved tribute to French culture.

In addition to the French dormitories erected with the original fund, other countries have already secured recognition on this cosmopolitan campus. A Canadian building, erected with 2,600,000 francs given by Senator Wilson and others, was the first. This will provide rooms for 50 students, most of whom will become teachers. A library and a lounge are included in this building, which was formally opened by the Prince of Wales. In the course of his speech on that occasion His Royal Highness announced that 300 British students would soon occupy quarters nearby. A circular recently issued shows that more than £100,000 have been raised for this British hostel. The Argentine Republic is represented by two dormitories under construction, for which an initial gift of 1,000,000 francs from Señor Bemberg of that country was supplemented by 250,000 francs contributed by his compatriots in Paris. The Belgian building, which was to be occupied this spring, provides for 210 students. Of the 8,000,000 francs required for this building, 5,000,000 were contributed by M. and Mme. Biermans-Lapôtre who also arranged for fifty annual fellowships for deserving students. Citizens of the Japanese empire have a plot assigned for building; the Cité is attracting attention in Holland, Egypt, Jugo-Slavia, Persia, Brazil, Spain, Sweden, Denmark and elsewhere. But what of the United States?

It was the hope of the founders that there would soon be tangible evidence of American interest. Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler and other educators quickly secured an option on a very desirable plot; Ambassador Myron T. Herrick with other distinguished Americans in France started a fund which has already exceeded \$10,000. But this option has already been renewed three times and will expire on July 31st. Some definite action will probably be taken before then, as a new committee headed by Dr. Homer Gage of Worcester, Massachusetts, has been busy in the United States during recent months. A recent report indicated that about \$60,000 had been raised. Presumably this figure includes the \$25,000 which

was an initial contribution from Dr. and Mrs. Gage, and the \$20,000 pledged by Smith College students. Other colleges are said to be giving consideration to the plan.

Dr. Gage also paid for plans drawn by M. Pierre Leprince-Ringuet, professor of architecture. These provide for a first building with "general interest" rooms and living quarters for 40 students. Eventually this may be expanded to the \$250,000 wing accommodating 218 students which was visualized by the founders. Of course the option cannot be renewed indefinitely and perhaps some modification will be necessary.

JUST a word about these student rooms. The University wisely insists that they shall be comfortable but not luxurious. In a building with 200 rooms the monthly rent for each will be about \$10 to \$15. Dormitories must be low detached buildings having a domestic rather than an institutional character. Spacious corridors, grand entrances, and uniformity are all to be avoided.

The six dormitories already occupied by 350 French students (including about 60 girls) show what is desired. The cozy rooms have the same general furnishings: clothes closet, wash-stand, day-bed, book-shelves, and chairs. But the decoration is always varied so that no room is exactly like its neighbors. Pergolas connect the six hostels which cluster around a central building with a clock tower. At this center are a hall for meetings, lectures, dances; smaller rooms for reading, games, music practice; ateliers for painting; a gymnasium, and a restaurant which supplies good food at reasonable cost. There is not a vacant room in these dormitories and funds are being raised for new buildings to house another 270 students. Graduates are preferred but undergraduates will be allowed to fill any vacancies; the students are largely responsible for their own government and the Director is only called in an emergency.

Health and sport have been given due consideration. The University plans to provide soccer, rugby, and basketball fields, tennis courts, a running track and an open-air swimming-pool, all of which will be in general use. There is to be an infirmary and possibly a small hospital. Seemingly many students will be much better off than in their comfortless lodgings in the old Latin Quarter.

But—it has been objected—the Latin Quarter is picturesque and historic. Students should not be deprived of its peculiar charm—and Americans especially need the contact with other nations and language, so that they should not be segregated. These are the only objections that have been raised and

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they can be easily disposed of. As to the first—classes are still held in the Quarter, and is it not true that students generally take their own atmosphere with them? Further, a new intellectual center is springing up around the Cité itself. One short street nearby is lined with homes of professors, writers, artists, etc., who are glad to get modern comfort without losing their intellectual contacts. Besides the Quarter is losing its international influence to some extent, for it has been invaded by business; and certainly even without this the Quarter cannot furnish rooms for the number of students now scattered all over Paris.

The second—and more serious objection—has been met by arranging an exchange system which will place a large number of American students in the French dormitories while an equal number of French students will replace them at the American building. Thus there will be daily and hourly contacts at the dormitories which, together with those meetings at class or sports should bring about an intimacy which more formal gatherings have never quite achieved.

So the "nations" are again established at the University of Paris. But mark the shift in History's interpretation. To begin with, there are more than 4,000 Americans at this university alone—and about 700 more scattered in the provinces. This one country is therefore represented by a group larger than the whole student body of the mediæval school. Altogether more than 25,000 full-time students attend the 40 schools which handle the elaborate curriculum of this ancient and modern university. National groups, no longer on the defensive, can freely contribute to the general culture. Some few tradesmen still act on the theory that every college man is rich—but on the other hand we find leading business men subscribing liberally to the dormitory funds. The disciplinary problems are now insignificant. Like all students these at Paris contrive to "faire un bombe"—kick up a racket—occasionally. Most of the demonstrations are harmless enough and a good deal of healthy animal spirit evaporates on the athletic fields. Working, playing, living together, these representatives of various lands learn mutual respect—and grin

over the outrageous but comical mixing of languages. Finally, when school-days are over they go out into the world to teach, to practice, to organize. They will give the world their knowledge, some of their joy in living and—if the Cité fulfills the hopes of thoughtful people—something more.

In this connection one might quote the significant words of Mme. A. Seligmann-Lui, secretary general of the Fraternité Franco-Américaine:

"I found out long ago, as indeed many French Gold Star Mothers have, that the only hope for a lasting peace in the future, rests in international education, in a mutual understanding that can only be developed by bringing individuals into personal touch with individuals of other countries and of the same standing and same interest."

The centuries will bring more of History's repetitions—more changes in emphasis. But if humanity would have History repeat only good and pleasant things hereafter, we must say them now. For today, as in mediæval times "The Moving Finger writes: and having writ moves on—."

Unusual Stories of Unusual Men

(Continued from page 31)

variety theater, to sing his own songs for the purpose of publicity. Realizing the publicity value of such work, other writers—and publishers—appeared before the footlights—and as a result, theatre "plugging" of songs has developed into somewhat of a fine art; at least it is one of the most important of the publicity stunts resorted to by music publishers.

Will Rossiter was also the first publisher to demonstrate his own publications behind the counters in the department stores, and when radio was in its infancy, he was the first publisher to do his songs "on the air"; in fact, he has been a pioneer in all branches of the music publishing industry.

In the earlier years of his business career, Mr. Rossiter acquired the personal regard and confidence of his associates—both among the "scribes" and the trade,—due to his square dealing. For this reason, he always had the choice of material, and the hearty co-operation of everyone.

In the year 1910, he reached one of the high points of his career as a publisher, for it was then that he had the most hits to his credit. Among

them were "Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland," "Some of These Days," "Where The Silv'ry Colorado Wends Its Way," and "Mammy's Shufflin' Dance,"—all appearing in the same year.

One of the biggest hits ever written and published by Will Rossiter, and the one which he will ever be remembered by, is his ever-popular "I'd Love to Live in Loveland with a Girl Like You." This song has sold to date over two million copies, breaking all records, it is said, in the popular-music publishing business.

There is a fox-trot ballad that is enjoying a good deal of current popularity. It is called "Love Found You for Me." If you will look for the name of the author you will notice it says, "Ry W. R. Williams." It is none other than the old nom-de-plume, the resurrected musical "ghost" of our friend Will, himself.

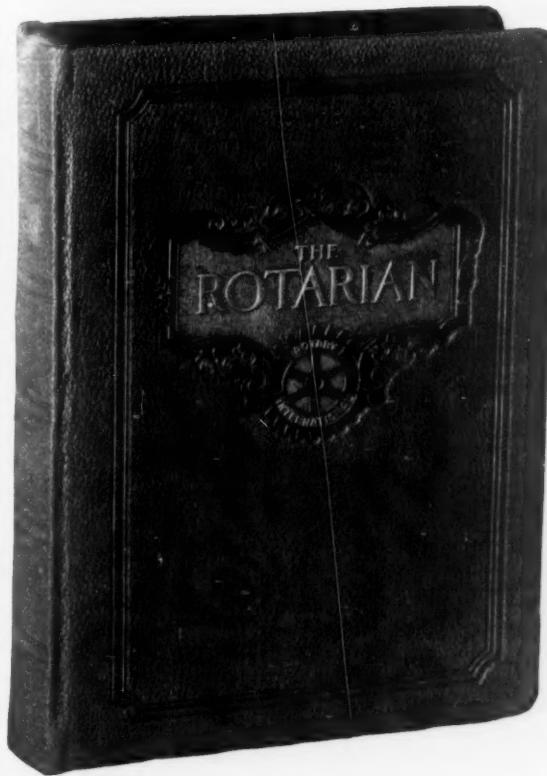
It is said of Will Rossiter by those who are in position to know that he has spent a fortune helping struggling professionals get to the front and that many of the headliners of today owe their success to Will, who helped them at the crucial time when money was

needed, and when a friendly boost meant the difference between success and failure. How often, when we are in the flush of success, are we apt to forget the friendly help over the bad places when the going was slow. Well, one purpose of this sketch is to pay tribute to a man who has lived serenely through the ups and downs of a long business career, and who has come out of it all with his ideals undimmed and his faith in men supreme.

In every man I believe there is a great deal of hero-worship—a respect, a reverence for the man who achieves something great in whatever direction his calling may take him. And I am not thinking now of success in terms of material wealth. I am thinking of the greatest thing in the world—that of being able to serve others. Bringing sunshine and happiness into the lives of others; helping them to forget, if only for a moment, the rough places of life.

Will Rossiter could indeed be poor in this world's goods, but he would be the richest of the rich in that other kind of wealth not reckoned in material things.

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STEVENS HOTEL

Talking It Over

(Continued from page 30)

while that good service may bring me re-orders or new customers, the real profit is in feeling that I have a part, no matter how small, in the welfare of my community . . . that I count for something, no matter how little, in your lives, because I make honest brick. I think of the community as a cooperative organization . . . one making soup with the great soup-stone. My bricks are the onions I contribute. If they are good onions, I help, not hurt, the soup. If they are rotten onions, the soup is spoiled. I don't know if I make it clear, but 'he profits most who serves best' is not a commercial rule to me, but a rule of living and thinking,

and it's what makes Rotary something more than just a knife-and-fork club."

"In other words," added the Physician, "Not that other words are really needed . . . you have an ideal vision of Rotary, and make it count in your life, while we . . . while I . . . have been thinking of our motto in purely practical terms."

"Why wouldn't that be a perfectly bully talk for old Bricks, here, to make to the whole club?" demanded the Real-Estate Operator.

"Oh, spare me! I couldn't! Why, I am no talker. I was just rambling on to you chaps."

"Neither was the Tramp a cook, nor the great soup-stone anything but a stone," crowed the Jeweler, triumphantly. "You are sure elected! I happen to be chairman of the Speakers' Committee and you make that speech to the whole club next meetin!"

"Guess you have to!" grinned the Hardware Merchant. "You can't tell us stories of a soup-stone called cooperation and then not cooperate, can you?"

Which is how one Rotary club happened to hear about the Rotarian Soup-Stone.

Father Wouldn't Understand

(Continued from page 7)

see that he is properly cleaned up and dressed before he goes out among young people of his own age; but it is from father he may best learn of the safe and most wholesome relationships between boys and girls. Respect for womanhood, self-control, and the elimination of what is soft and tends only to stimulate what is animal in man—these things father may best warn him against and the warning may well come early before the boy's physical desires have awakened too strongly.

Every father should interest himself in his boy's play. Healthy out-of-door exercise will do much to keep a boy straight morally and to keep his mind alert. The boy who learns to play a game well or to excel in any physical sport will reap the benefits of this interest as long as he lives, for the interest and the skill of youth carries over unconsciously to middle life and later. Hodgson, who has left fifty behind him, still skates and plays golf and rides horseback and is as much interested in athletic games as he was in college. When he comes back to class reunions he is the youngest-looking man in his class, and his boy has followed in his father's footsteps as father saw to it that he should.

Gibson brought his young son down last summer to give him a preliminary view of college and to get him settled for the opening in the fall. The boy is a big strapping giant with muscles like a gladiator.

"Are you going out for football?" I asked young Gibson. Before the boy could reply the father broke in.

"I don't want football put into his head."

"Why?" I asked.

"Well, it's rough and dangerous. I should always be worried that he might be injured if I knew he was playing the game."

"Have you a car?" I inquired. Gibson nodded his head.

"Three."

"Well, I hope you don't let the boy either drive one or ride in one, for the automobile is far more dangerous than any athletic game."

Athletic games as now played are not especially dangerous, and there is nothing which tends more to keep a boy straight and clean morally and so to develop his physique as to keep him able to resist physical and moral temptations. Every father should recognize this fact.

THREE was little athletic enthusiasm or competition when I was in college. The boys then as now had to give vent to their youthful emotions and work off their physical energy in some way. As a result there was more deviltry perpetrated by the two or three hundred undergraduate men in college than by the eight thousand or more now when almost everyone finds some interest and opportunity in athletic sports; and, further than this, the moral standards are higher and the physical control of our young men is greater than it was in those days. Many a boy has been saved by his interest and participation in athletic games.

Boys learn very early in life either to keep or to neglect an obligation. Even at the cost of sacrifice and discomfort a boy should learn early to keep his obligations. They are often tremendous imitators, however, of the examples which are set them at home. My father never let a business obligation go unmet. If he promised to pay a bill or a note by the first of the month, he would overturn heaven and earth to keep his word. It is perhaps no inherent virtue of mine, but I have followed the example which he set me. If a father gives his son a monthly allowance it should be paid promptly on the day indicated. Nothing else will so impress a boy with his obligation to meet his bills promptly. If father is punctilious in coming to time, son is much more likely to be.

The institution with which I am connected exacts the payment of college bills upon the day of registration. Among ten or twelve thousand young people there is always a considerable number who are short of funds upon registration day. The expected check has not arrived, conditions at home involve delay in the transmission of funds, the amount charged is larger than has been anticipated. These students come to me for permission to defer payment for a short time. Not half of these meet the obligation within the time agreed or make any mention of their failure to do so until they are summoned to the office. Every father ought to teach his boy promptness in meeting an obligation or the necessity of explaining if he cannot do so. A

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July, 1927

THE ROTARIAN

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promise should be kept, an obligation met.

Gordon came into my office a few weeks ago and asked permission to go home early for the Easter recess. Every boy likes a vacation and the longer the better, but Gordon's reason was not a good one as I saw it, for if I granted his request there was no reason why it should not have been done for a thousand others or more, and had I done so classes would have been broken up. I said so to Gordon, but he was a poor sportsman; he could not take refusal with any grace and he slammed the door when he went out. I wondered whose fault it was and whether or not Gordon's father had not failed to teach him to take defeat or refusal like a sportsman.

With Henry it was quite different. Henry had had a good record, but when some misnamed friend offered him a drink of whiskey Henry did not have the courage to refuse nor the experience to know when to lower the bottle, so he was picked up much the worse for wear a little later and lodged in the city jail. He was dismissed from college for a time, but he took his penalty like a sportsman and came back at the end of his period of suspension to take responsibility as he had never done before. It was his father, Henry told me, who had always taught him that when he had made a mistake and earned a penalty to take it without whimpering. It is a lesson which every father might well impress upon his son.

BY precept and still further by example every father should impress upon his son the necessity and worth of truth and honesty. Whatever subterfuge or evasion of the truth the boy sees in his father he is quite likely to emulate. If untruth offers an easy road out of difficulty or an unpleasant situation, there is the temptation to choose that road.

Walker had seriously violated a college regulation and the evidence against him was quite conclusive. When questioned on the matter, however, he flatly denied any connection with the affair.

"Well, what else could he do?" the boy's father asked when the situation was put before him. "He knew that if he told the truth he stood a good chance of being dismissed from college, and if he lied there was a good possi-

bility of his getting away with it."

When a father has this viewpoint, there is little likelihood of the boy's being either truthful or honest.

HERE are some things that every boy should be allowed to choose for himself, no matter how wise and experienced father may be, and two of these are his profession and his wife. There are a surprising number of failures in college and out solely from the fact that some member of the family has decided that son shall study medicine or engineering or law so that he may be able to fit in to a place in father's business or to fulfill some of his father's unfulfilled ambitions.

"I always wanted to be a physician," Judson confesses to me, "but I could not see my way clear to get the necessary training, so I'm insisting that George take a medical course. There's a great future in medicine."

No doubt there is, but George happens to resemble his mother more than he does his father, and has no scientific bent whatsoever. As a result he is flunking regularly, and even if to please his father he sticks to medicine he has little prospect of being more than commonplace. And yet George if allowed to choose for himself would have made a first-class business man.

Vennum has been talking to me about his son. The boy is just twenty-two and he is engaged to a girl and wants to get married within a year or so. The girl isn't at all the sort that either Vennum or his wife had in mind. They had always rather had their eye on Maude Grayson. Maude is a very nice girl, they've known the Grayson family for twenty years or more, and they'd really set their heart on the boy's marrying Maude.

I reminded Vennum that he'd made his own choice and that anyway young people seldom were satisfied with the prospective husbands or wives which their elders selected for them. The boy would have to live with her; it might be just as well to let him pick her out, as his father before him had done.

It is a great responsibility, this relationship which a father bears to his son. The best way to meet it, I have observed, is to set the boy a good example, to give him the minimum amount of advice, and whenever possible to let him choose for himself and learn in the school of experience.

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Mr. Mulks' Terrible Whoops

(Continued from page 11)

get twenty thousand dollars; then you'd be fixed for several years."

"He looked to me like a man who would think in a big way," Mrs. Mulks admitted.

"He is," Mr. Mulks told her. "He said 'I don't want to interfere with your Coal Fund or the way you handle its charities. Nothing like that. But you called this meeting and invited us here and this is what I suggest. I suggest we organize the Wimmis Coal Fund Aid Association to raise this twenty thousand dollars, and when we have raised it we will hand it over to the Coal Fund, and our work will be done. I make that as a motion. Mr. Mulks here seconds it.' So they passed the motion."

"But can you raise twenty thousand dollars?" asked Mrs. Mulks.

"We've got to," said Mr. Mulks. "We told them we would. So we organized the Aid Association right there, and I'm Vice-President. Mr. Bannick nominated me and I was elected unanimously. We have a meeting of the Executive Committee tomorrow night at Bannick's."

"It's after midnight," Mrs. Mulks suggested. "We'd better go to bed; you know you can never work if you stay up after midnight."

THE next morning, however, Mr. Mulks felt fine and he put a sheet of paper in his typewriter and headed it "Frozen Hearts" and rattled the keys until dusk, pausing only for his usual light lunch. He had never written more in a day and he felt that he had never written anything better. He got up from the typewriter and stretched his arms and his legs.

"I imagine," he said at dinner, "that I ought to give something to the initial subscription fund of this Coal Fund drive. What do you think I ought to give, Dora?"

"What are the others giving?" Mrs. Mulks asked.

"I don't know," Mr. Mulks admitted. "We did not get that far last night."

"Fifty dollars?" Mrs. Mulks suggested. "You know we haven't bought our own coal yet. It seems queer to be buying coal for other people before we have bought our own."

"I had one hundred dollars in mind," Mr. Mulks said, passing by the matter of their own coal. "Bannick says a great deal depends on the initial subscriptions. They set the pace. If they are small the other subscriptions will be smaller. If they are big the other subscriptions will be bigger. If we who believe in the object and are its

friends don't give pretty liberally we can't expect others to—that's logical, of course."

"One hundred dollars then," said Mrs. Mulks, knowing that it was useless to dispute about it. "I wouldn't give more than that, Joe, do you think so? We don't really know yet what it is going to cost us to live here."

"That's about what I thought," said Mr. Mulks, meaning the hundred-dollar subscription, but when he returned, shortly after midnight, he had put his name down for one hundred and fifty. This was not, as Bannick had explained to the members of the Executive Committee, as hard as giving one hundred dollars flat would be, because the hundred and fifty was payable in three installments—the first in cash, the second in six months, and the third in a year.

Mrs. Mulks had not waited up for him but at breakfast the next morning he told her about the meeting. They had decided not to employ a professional campaign director because the amount needed was so very small, but there would be five "Companies" of solicitors, each under a "Major," and each company would have five "Groups" of five men each with a "Captain" at the head of each five, making six in a group. This would make a total of one hundred and fifty-five workers who would solicit subscriptions, each worker trying to beat his fellows, each "Group" trying to best all the other groups, and each "Company" trying to get more money than any other company. The campaign would last one week—six days—and end with a supper at the Wimmis Club where all would report. There would be an office at 224 Market Street—Mr. Bannick was attending to that today.

"I don't think it will take much of my time," said Mr. Mulks. "I don't have to do any of the soliciting. I told them I would do the publicity for the newspapers and drop in at the office now and then to see that things were moving nicely."

He forgot to mention what he had subscribed and Mrs. Mulks either forgot to ask or thought it best not to, and Mr. Mulks went on to explain about the lists of prospective subscribers that were to be prepared from the telephone book and other sources, and the cards to be made from those lists so that each worker could choose names and know what the addresses were.

"But look what time it is!" he exclaimed. "I've got to get to work!" and he kissed Mrs. Mulks and went up to his room. He read the last few

paragraphs he had written on "Frozen Hearts" and began the next chapter and hardly paused to breathe during the entire day. He was, as he told himself, in fine fettle and going his best pace. He was as hungry as a bear when the dinner hour arrived.

"I've got to run over to Bannick's awhile," he told his wife. "Bannick and I are going to lay out a plan of publicity and a few other things. I don't think I will be late."

But again it was after midnight before he came home.

From then until the campaign really began Mr. Mulks was seldom home before midnight. Mr. Bannick, who was in charge of the whole affair—they had no professional campaign leader for that campaign—was keenly alert to see that all committees did their work properly, and had one or more meetings each night, and as he found that Mr. Mulks was eagerly interested he asked Mr. Mulks to go where he went and be where he was. He assigned duties to Mr. Mulks.

"You get Graydon's car and driver and go over to Cosdok and see if Burtch is at work on those circulars, Mulks," he would say, or "I've got to be at the Second Congregational Family Folks Supper to-night to line them up for the drive, Mulks, and somebody ought to drop in at the meeting of the Lath Benders' Union No. 55 and give them a whoop-up talk. You do that, will you?"

Mr. Mulks did all these things willingly and he enjoyed doing them, but his pleasure in actually taking part in something that would not be a success unless it was forced to be a success was as nothing to his eager excitement when the six-day campaign was actually on. Then it was win or lose—the \$20,000 had to be secured in those six precious and fleeting days or not at all.

DURING the preparatory weeks Mr. Mulks had done some great writing. He was aware that his brisk work on the campaign for Free Coal was setting his blood running at a hotter pace than ever before, and his enthusiasm was reflected in his writing. He did better work than he had ever done, and he knew it. But he had little time to write during the campaign itself. Each morning he was sure he would do some writing that day but before he got to work he would think of something that really should be attended to at once at headquarters and he would hurry down there. Then one thing after another came up and he did not get home at all.

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"I might as well be a widow," Mrs. Mulks laughed.

The campaign dragged during the first two or three days. The workers who were given cards and sent out to solicit subscriptions did not seem enthusiastic, and they had to be peped up. Some of the teams were short in number and members to fill their quotas had to be hunted up and enlisted in the good work. Each evening there was a dinner at which the workers reported their subscriptions obtained during the previous twenty-four hours, and although Mr. Mulks had intended to do nothing of the sort, being a rather diffident man, he found himself going from table to table and talking to the workers like, as Mr. Bannick said, "a Dutch uncle." Mr. Mulks became so interested in Free Coal that it seemed to him presently the greatest charity and most important thing in the world, and that Wimmis should not raise a petty \$20,000 an everlasting disgrace, a stain on the town that could never be wiped out.

Mr. Mulks, in his eagerness to have the workers reach the \$20,000 goal, actually told them, from the floor, in an impassioned speech, that Wimmis would be disgraced and dishonored if the \$20,000 mark was not reached, and he had so wrought himself up that he believed it. But the town was not to be disgraced and dishonored. At the final dinner, when the final reports of the workers were read off, the reports were but half in when a certain Mr. Ducksim arose and cried in a loud voice to Mr. Mulks who was entering the totals on a blackboard:

"And Team Eleven, Samuel Ducksim, Captain, Eight Hundred and Forty Two Dollars!"

Mr. Ducksim paused for a moment and then added in a still louder voice:

"Making the total on the blackboard Twenty Thousand One Hundred And Eighteen Dollars and carrying the ball across the goal-line!"

Mr. Ducksim's team had undoubtedly been "holding back" subscriptions, contrary to the rules and the exhortations of the leaders of the drive, but that did not matter now. Nothing mattered. All present burst into a roar and thunder of cheers and applause and half a dozen men tried to lift Mr. Ducksim to their shoulders, but he was too heavy. Instead of that someone began singing, "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here!" and presently all those present were lined up in a lock-step march, all singing, and the march continued around the room and up and down between the tables until some of the elder men began to drop out and Mr. Bannick rapped for order.

"The total, folks, is now twenty thousand, one hundred and eighteen dollars,"

he announced. "Team Twelve, Captain Carlin."

"Team Twelve, Captain Carlin," announced Mr. Carlin. "One thousand and thirty-two dollars!"

Again the Wimmis-size pandemonium broke loose as Captain Carlin announced the largest report of the drive, and from then on there was nothing but pandemonium in quickly succeeding spasms. The total climbed to \$23,000, to \$25,000, and with the last report it had reached the amazing total of \$26,317, more than six thousand dollars more than Mr. Bannick had planned to secure for the Coal Fund. The men in the place did go wild then. Never had such noise been heard in Wimmis.

TO Mr. Bannick, when the affair was over, the campaign gave a sense of power such as he had never known. He had done important things in Wimmis before, but he now saw clearly the enormous possibilities of united effort when managed like a machine but decked with enthusiasm. He felt that he could do almost anything, and it was the truth that he could.

Mr. Mulks did not have any such thoughts. He became aware, with surprise, now that he thought about it, that he had done no writing whatever for the better part of two weeks and that his novel was not progressing. He rolled up his sleeves and went to work with all the energy that hung over from the excitement of the Coal Fund campaign, and for a week he burned with a fever of creation. The sheets flew into his typewriter and flew out again covered with living words and sentences, and he knew he was doing good work—the best he had ever done.

But he slowed down presently. He began to have minutes when he felt distressingly lax, and then he would get up and walk up and down his room, nervous and uneasy without knowing why. Thoughts would not come to him at his bidding. He was irritated because they would not come, and he began taking long brisk walks in the fields.

"I don't know what's the matter with the confounded novel," he told Mrs. Mulks. "It won't get along. It has gone stale. I don't know whether I'm sick or what is the matter."

He was in this state when Mr. Bannick came to the house one evening.

"Mulks," he said, "I know you are a busy man—"

Instantly Mr. Mulks' blood, which had become like thick pea soup in his arteries began to rush through them like liquid fire. His eyes brightened, his breath came quickly.

"The hospital!" he exclaimed.

"No, not yet. We'll have to do something for the hospital one of these days,

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Mulks, but it's the Wimmis Free Playground. They came to me and asked me if I thought we could raise ten thousand dollars for them for expenses and apparatus and I told them right off the reel that they were foolish. With two hundred thousand dollars they can buy that piece of land back of Timmins and put it in shape for one of the finest athletic fields—"

"But two hundred thousand dollars!" cried Mr. Mulks, snorting like a war horse. "Bannick, a town like Wimmis ought to have a real athletic field if it has one at all. Now, for three hundred thousand dollars—"

"That's the boy!" declared Mr. Bannick with enthusiasm. "You come over and tell them, right now."

"I'm going out with Bannick for a little while, dear," Mr. Mulks told his wife. "I may not be back for an hour or so."

He should have said he might not be back for two months or so. For two months he was a creature of memoranda and schedules, of rushes here and rushes there. He had to energize slow committees and enthuse doubtful helpers; he had to organize and direct and, as he said again and again, "Whoop things up."

HE had a wonderful time. Everyone said it was impossible to raise three hundred thousand dollars in Wimmis; many said it was impossible to raise two hundred thousand in Wimmis for an athletic field. Mr. Mulks turned himself into a flaring torch of enthusiasm and into a mule of work. He got mad. He swore. He shoved crushed sandwiches down his throat in chunks while he signed requisitions with his free hand. When he had a free minute he worked on his new book and knew he was doing great work. He began, for the first time in his literary career, to dictate to a stenographer. At two o'clock in the morning he went over her transcriptions and corrected them. The campaign raised \$314,795 for the Free Playground people. On the last night of the affair Bannick and Mulks shook hands excitedly.

"The hospital next!" exclaimed Bannick.

"The hospital next!" declared Mulks. "Bannick — five hundred thousand dollars?"

"Five hundred thousands dollars or we won't bother with it," said Bannick. "Are we pikers? Half a million or nothing. There's our war-cry, Mulks—'Half a Million or Nothing!'"

"I'll see you tomorrow night," said Mr. Mulks. "We've got to plan a thing of that size away ahead."

The stenographer now became a regular part of Mr. Mulks' literary out-

fit. He could not take time to fool with a typewriter and read what he had written last in order to see what he must write next.

"Where did I stop?" he would ask the stenographer.

"Jane has just leaped from the speeding automobile," the stenographer would tell him. "Norbert sees her fall in the road. 'Looking back—' "

"Yes. 'Looking back' his hand slipped on the wheel and the car crashed into a white oak at the side of—' Did you send that list of names for the Publicity Committee to Bannick? Good! 'Side of the road. There was a crashing of glass, a rending of metal. 'Jane! Jane!' cried the —' You haven't heard anything from those advance circulars yet? Call them up again. 'Cried the startled youth before—' My word, it's eleven and I told Brinton I would be at his office at eleven!'

"The work you are sending us now," wrote his publisher, "is better than anything we have ever had from you," but Mrs. Mulks declares she might as well have no husband at all.

"I do wish you could spend more time at home," she said to Mr. Mulks.

"I will! I will as soon as I get through with this campaign," he told her with some irritation. "You've got to understand that when we are after such a big amount we have to whoop them up."

"Papa is on one of his whoops," his daughter would say when Mr. Mulks was out whooping up a campaign.

For the war came to Mr. Mulks most opportunely. It was a great thing for Mr. Mulks, was the war, and a great thing for Mr. Bannick. It not only gave them that splendid cry "Over the top! Over the top for a million!" but it was one riot of drives from one end of a year to the other. Liberty Loan followed Liberty Loan, Salvation Army followed Red Cross. One drive followed another in such quick succession that sometimes they overlapped. The whoops of success mingled with the whoop-'em-up exhortations of the preliminary meetings of the campaign that was to follow.

By this time Mr. Mulks had become a total addict. He lived in an aura of blar and blaze and he was so continuously engaged in getting ready to push some campaign over the top that his daughter stopped saying to enquiring friends that Mr. Mulks was on one of his terrible whoops. He was never anywhere else. He snatched a minute now and then to cry an article to his stenographer and then he was off and out again. Then the war came to a sudden end.

When the war ended thus suddenly

Mr. Mulks was in the midst of the most splendid drive of his career. It was a huge drive for the benefit of five or six war charities and the amount sought from the citizens of the United States was millions or billions of dollars—nobody cared how much but it was a noble sum. The quota assigned to the town of Wimmis was a dandy; it was twice as much as even Mr. Bannick believed could be whooped out of Wimmis and that made it worth while fighting for. Mr. Mulks ran in circles, uttering joyful cries of agony, wiping his round face, wiping his perspiring bald head, signing requisitions, whooping up his workers, and the drive drove. Under the cracking of the whip of Mr. Mulks it dashed ahead like a thirty-horse team of snorting stallions. Then, in the middle of the drive, the war ended and the drive collapsed. It was as if Mr. Mulks, even while he whooped at his snorting stallions, saw them turn into deflated blobs of mush sprawling helplessly on their bellies. The drive did not even end; it ceased to exist. It petered out and faded away. Somebody folded it up and tucked it under something and left it there.

BUT when Mr. Mulks went back to his own work he found that something was the matter. For hours at a time his stenographer sat with her pencil poised and Mr. Mulks frowned and fiddled with his watch-chain but nothing happened. He let the stenographer go and then sat before his typewriter day after day staring at it in gloom.

"I don't feel just right," he told his wife. "I think I need a change. I think if I went somewhere I might feel better."

He went to Florida and to California, to Paris and to London, around the world and to Labrador, but he did not feel any better. When he returned to Wimmis he found Mr. Bannick arranging for a campaign to raise ten thousand dollars in a six-day drive for the Coal Fund. It was a miserable little affair after the millions of dollars of the war drives but when he heard of it Mr. Mulks' eyes brightened and his nostrils expanded and his pulse quickened. He ran around to Bannick's house and greeted him eagerly.

"I'm back," he said, "and I hear you're having a drive for the Coal Fund. Ten thousand dollars? Now, if we whoop this thing up, Bannick, I'll bet we can go over the top in this town for twelve thousand dollars as easy as not."

Mr. Mulks was on one of his terrible whoops again.

Since then his life has been half misery and half uncontrolled indulgence in his passion for drives. Between drives he is of no use whatever

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and when he scents a drive in the air he becomes nervous, fidgets awhile, edges to his door and says an apologetic word to his wife.

"I'm going over to Bannick's for a few minutes, dear," he says. "I'll be back in half an hour."

"Is it another drive?" Mrs. Mulks asks with concern. "You won't go into another drive, will you, Joe? You haven't written anything for weeks, you know. Drives always get you all excited. The butcher was complaining about his bill quite bitterly this morning. Promise me you won't go into another drive!"

"Of course, I won't!" says Mr. Mulks, buttoning his shabby coat and putting on his head the old hat that is greasy around the band. "I'm through with drives."

Then he closes the door behind him.

"Papa is on another of his terrible whoops," says his daughter.

"Yes, I'm afraid so," says Mrs. Mulks with a sigh, but she can't do anything about it. No one can. When a man gets the drive habit in his blood he is lost. He cannot be reformed.

"We might move to the country," Mr. Mulks' daughter suggested to her mother when Mr. Mulks went over to see Mr. Bannick one evening with a promise to return in half an hour.

"Yes, darling, we might," said Mrs. Mulks, "but it would do no good. Your father would organize the rabbits and whoop up a campaign to go over the

top for ten thousand acorns for the Aged Squirrels."

"I don't believe father cares whether aged squirrels starve or not," said Mr. Mulks' daughter.

"What would that have to do with it?" asked Mrs. Mulks. "It would be a drive, wouldn't it?"

About midnight Mr. Mulks came home and his wife saw by the gleam in his eyes that he had indeed plunged into another drive.

"Well, we're going to show this old town of Wimmis something," he said. "We're going to have a ten-day drive for one hundred thousand dollars, and we'll get it, too! Bannick wanted to be satisfied with fifty thousand, but I told him we might as well get one hundred thousand while we were at it, and he agreed."

"What is this drive for?" asked Mrs. Mulks meekly.

"For?" said Mr. Mulks. "What is it for? Why—Well, I don't believe I asked Bannick what it was for! But I figure that if we can get thirty thousand in initial subscriptions—"

"I think I'll go to bed," said Mrs. Mulks in a discouraged sort of voice. "I'm tired."

Mr. Mulks looked after her and shook his head. Then he took out a pencil and began jotting down names of men who would be desirable as captains. For, after all, what is a wife when a drive is under way? What is anything?

Olinger's Four-Fold Plan

(Continued from page 25)

terested in all matters of public welfare in addition. He has recently established The Olinger Foundation for the purpose of extending boys work throughout the State of Colorado and the Rocky Mountain region.

No Denverite or visitor to Denver can ever forget the Highlanders. They are a Denver institution. The sight of these sturdy, uniformed little men about the streets makes a lasting impression, particularly if one catches a glimpse of a member of one of the bands struggling along the street with a bass horn bigger than the player. Those Rotarians who attended the Denver International Convention in 1926 will not soon forget the services

of these boys. Each year the Highlanders present an entertainment in the city auditorium, for which tickets known as "boy bonds" are sold. This is their only appeal to public financial support. Last year there were more than 50,000 paid admissions to the entertainment, which merely illustrates how widespread is public sympathy and support for Olinger's work. The full-time employed staff of the Highlanders now number twelve, and included in this staff are some of the foremost boys' workers of the country. Highlander headquarters, a suite of half a dozen rooms in a downtown Denver office building, is a busy place indeed.



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The Story of the Calendar

(Continued from page 27)

says it's five days until Christmas. On Februarius 23rd, the Romans would say, "It is now six days before the Kalends (the first) of March." Each of those years in which an extra day was added after Februarius 23rd contained the sixth day before the Kalends of March twice. Those years which contained this double sixth day were called bisextile years, although this term is very rarely used.

It is a well-known fact that if July 4th falls on Saturday in 1925, it will come on Sunday in 1926 and on Monday in 1927. But in 1928 it will leap over Tuesday and fall on Wednesday. For this reason a bisextile year is generally called a leap year.

Soon after the death of Julius Cæsar, Mark Anthony suggested that the name of the month Quintilis, in which Julius was born, be changed to Julius. That change has come down to us today.

Augustus Cæsar was jealous of everything Julius had done, and especially did he resent the fact that one of the months of the year was named after his cousin. By an imperial decree the month Sextilis was changed to Augustus after himself. Augustus also noticed that there were thirty-one days in the month named after Julius, while there were only thirty days in his month; consequently, he put thirty-one days in the month of Augustus and then changed the number of days in the

succeeding months of the year in order not to have three months of thirty-one days each coming together. He took his extra day from the month of Februarius.

The Julian calendar, although a marked improvement over the earlier ones, was still somewhat in error. By the middle of the sixteenth century this error amounted to about ten days. In 1582 Pope Gregory noticed that there were too many leap years in the calendar and he made the necessary correction. He merely dropped ten days from the calendar and decreed that the day after October 4th should be October 15th. In order that this error might not appear in the calendar again, he established a rule that every fourth year should be a leap year, except that an even century year should be a leap year only when the number of years was divisible by 400. This Gregorian calendar, which we are using today, is even yet somewhat in error. The error, however, need not cause us much concern since it amounts to only one day in 3,333 years.

The Protestant nations of the world refused to adopt the Gregorian calendar and clung to the calendar of Julius Cæsar. Their dates were, therefore, ten days apart after 1582. The year 1600 was a leap year in both calendars and the difference was still ten days until the year 1700. In that year the

Protestants had a leap year while the Catholics did not. Consequently, the Gregorian calendar, at that time, was eleven days ahead of the Julian calendar until 1800, when the difference increased to twelve days, and in 1900 to thirteen days.

The Gregorian calendar was finally adopted in England in 1752 and the change resulted in several serious riots. It was necessary, at that time, to drop eleven days from the year and some of the people who were paying rent wondered if they were not being cheated out of that many days. The American colonies were still using the Julian calendar on February 11, 1732, the day George Washington was born. Twenty years later, eleven days were dropped from the year and we now celebrate Washington's birthday on February 22, when, as a matter of fact, he was born on February 11, according to the calendar which was hanging in his father's home at that time.

Several of the non-Catholic countries of the world refused to adopt the Gregorian calendar until recent times. In fact, when Alaska was transferred from Russia to the United States, it was necessary to drop twelve days from the calendar in use in that country. The Gregorian calendar was finally adopted in Russia in 1918 and is now used in practically all Christian countries of Europe.

The Dawn of Motoring

(Continued from page 13)

automobiles, but some horses held deeper prejudices against them than others did. The horses attached to the hay wagon represented the extreme type of conscientious objectors. Their purpose was to register such disapproval of this frightful object on the road that nothing of the sort would ever again come into their lives. The exhibition they gave was a superb one, but for the moment the newly-weds were too engrossed in their own interests to observe it closely. All motorists were anxious to placate drivers, and the bridegroom, in his hurried effort to get to the extreme right and to leave the universe open to the terrified animals before him, swung the car too near the crumbling earth at the edge of the road. The run-about skidded, rocked, and went down into

a deep ditch, fortunately landing right side up. The episode made no hit with the terrified horses. They let their temperaments out a notch—and the bridegroom sprang from his seat to help the farmer and his two sons to drag the animals past the machine.

It was hard work, and the bridegroom performed his part of it to a running obligato of criticism and complaint from the hay wagon that taxed even his philosophy. But the long job was finished at last and the farmers, who had seemed greatly pressed for time up till now, suddenly lay back on their hay and decided to rest and observe while the young fellow got his machine and his girl out of the ditch. Notwithstanding their criticisms they expected to see it rise from the depths like a bird and then vanish down the

road in a cloud of smoke, as these infernal inventions were reported to do. But the run-about did not rise. It had been hurt by rude treatment, and it sulked in its trench while the perspiring bridegroom pushed and tugged and the bride lent a willing but ineffective shoulder to the rear wheels. The enjoyment of the farmer and his sons might have held some compensation if the pioneers had been altruists, but for the time they were not. An hour passed before they had the run-about again on the road; and the entire hay-wagon episode had used up the better part of two hours.

When the car was once more in place and supposedly ready to start, it became clear that it could not proceed until the engine cooled, and the bride and bridegroom got out and sat on the

roads while this deliberate process took place. According to the bride's memory, that engine needed cooling every half-hour of that day. The bridegroom questions this, but he admits that each time the cooling process was necessary it required from twenty to thirty-five minutes, and that it was invariably necessary after the slightest rise in the grade. Philosophic and good-humored though the bridegroom was, it became clear that he viewed these stops as a loss of time and that the bride's tributes to the beauties of the surrounding landscape left him cold. Her first doubt of him as a genuine lover of nature was born that day.

The engine was cool, the hay wagon was becoming a mere memory, and the run-about was singing on its way when the first Indiana sand hill came into view. The bridegroom surveyed it with the set lips and exaggerated jaw line that now warned his bride of coming trouble. They reached the base of the hill. The sand there was so deep that it came to the hubs of the wheels, and the wheels proceeded to whirl in it dizzily, with no progress and no other effect save the clouds of dust that settled over the travelers. The bridegroom produced a fair imitation of a care-free laugh. Then from the bottom of the car he retrieved a rope whose purpose the bride had not understood, got out into the sand, and wound the rope around and around the rear wheels. He was making the primitive predecessor of the skidding chains of today, and at first it seemed to work. The run-about lurched forward, wheezing and panting, but at least it followed the rule of the road. It "kept moving." It climbed a third of the hill while the bride chanted a saga of exultation. Their trouble, she assured the bridegroom and the world, was over. But suddenly the run-about stopped, wheezed out something she was certain was an apology, and slowly slid backward to the foot of the hill. The bride stopped chanting.

The next effort brought the car half way up the hill, and again it slid down. The third trial carried it to the summit—but that was because the bridegroom, his moral nature now plainly in eclipse, tore off some rails from a convenient fence, spread them on the sand, and gave the struggling machine a firmer surface for its get-away.

At the top of the hill the engine, of course, needed cooling, and while it got this the bride and bridegroom contemplated the next sand hill which lay just before them. It was a higher one than the first—and they now realized that beyond it lay many more hills, hills all made of sand. Their progress over them was a repetition of their experience on the first hill; but at least they

could feel that they were bringing sunshine into many lives, for their backward descent of every hill was always accompanied by the hearty laughter of fellow-travelers who passed them, driving horses. The bride occasionally echoed this laughter. The bridegroom did so more rarely. She began to fear that he had no sense of humor.

THE sand hills were at last behind them, and the bridegroom changed the batteries and let the engine cool while the bride removed a few outer layers of dust and dirt from her obscured features. The day was one in early September, cloudless and very hot. They had brought with them additional batteries, but now they needed gasoline and oil, and the bridegroom began to look anxiously for a country store where these supplies were sold, service stations being still unknown to the landscape. There seemed no country store in the entire region, and the run-about soon made it clear that she could go no further without nourishment. The groom crossed three fields, climbed four fences and reached a farm, where, after much discussion and cajolery, he persuaded the farmer's wife to sell him a little gasoline. She gave him a small quantity in a pail, and when he had poured it into the tank of his car he re-crossed the three fields, re-climbed the four fences and returned the pail to its owner. A new-born intuition kept the bride silent when he returned, purple-faced, to the driver's seat; but a few moments later he remarked that even in his short trips he usually got five miles of walking a day doing that sort of thing; and he also mentioned that he had lost ten pounds in the last two months.

The run-about struggled on. At intervals it stopped while the engine cooled. At intervals it reached inclines, staggered up them, slipped down them backward, and finally conquered them. At intervals—very close intervals, these—the bridegroom got out and helped to get frantic horses past the car. At intervals, for some reasons the bride could not fathom, the run-about stopped running, and for long periods the bridegroom tinkered with its internal mechanism. These incidents invariably occurred in the hottest and dirtiest spots on the route. At intervals the bridegroom stopped at some grocery for oil or gasoline, or both, and purchased a few crackers, a bottle of soda, a bit of cheese. For, like their car, the bride and bridegroom needed nourishment. When this happened the country store was their Mecca. Hotels were many miles apart; "hot dog" stands, lunch wagons and wayside tea-rooms lay in the mists of the future.

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tunity offered them later made fortunes on the little run-about and its successors. Only one man saw its possibilities that day, and he had his own interests. He was Elwood Haynes, the man who obtained the first patent for a horseless carriage in these United States. He had already built the first automobile practicable for road work, and he was then manufacturing in a very small way a car known as the Haynes-Apperson. He also operated one of the few existing service stations in Indiana, and the newly-weds found him in it when they reached Kokomo.

He was a middle-aged, mustached man, of kindly nature, with eyes that revealed a habit of looking into the depths of machinery. His friendliness was in sharp contrast to the manner of the irritated farmers, and the newly-weds, having purchased gasoline and oil from him, remained to bask in his engaging companionship while again their engine cooled. He sympathized with their nerve strain in the matter of horses and drivers.

"Yesterday," he told them, "when I was driving my car near here, a woman coming toward me in a buggy signaled to me by standing up and wildly waving her apron. When I stopped she led her horse off the road and tied it to a fence. Then she wrapped her apron all around its head. After that she climbed over the fence. When she had put that fence between herself and the monster," he ended with a chuckle, "she signaled to me to go by! Nice little car you've got there," he added warmly; for while he talked he had been going over the run-about very much as a surgeon examines a patient before a major operation.

The little chat with Haynes was a vivid episode of the day, but its effects wore off when the bridegroom had a disheartening interview with one young business man he greatly desired to interest in the run-about. He returned to his bride after the encounter with gloom on his brow.

"I wanted that chap," he heavily admitted, "but he has dished himself. He can't handle anything good, because he's all tied up with a car called 'Ford'!"

ALWAYS during their stops, they were surrounded by a group which increased with magical rapidity.

"Are you broke down?" was invariably the first question asked them. The bride heard that question in her dreams for weeks afterwards, and to the bridegroom it became as irritating as the stings of insects. Then, while the more curious among the crowd drew close to study the mechanism of the strange thing before them, others made their care-free comments on it.

"When does it go?" some wanted to know. "How far does it go without

stopping?" "Bury it," several advised. "Give it to the baby," others urged. And for more than twenty-five years the bride has vividly remembered the personality of one tall, thin, pleasant-faced Hoosier, who, after giving the car a deliberate and thorough inspection, kindly remarked to the bridegroom: "That thing would make a nice little watch charm!"

When the run-about was remote from the large towns sign-posts were rare. No traffic policeman stood on guard at cross-roads, no white-painted lines and curves marked danger points. It was necessary to stop very often to get directions, usually from lounging groups at country stores, and this led to fierce arguments among bystanders which often degenerated into quarrels among the advisers as the run-about continued on its way. One such episode occurred now. To a group of three men the bridegroom tossed his question.

"How can I get to Frankfort?"

The trouble began immediately. The first man, with interested eyes on the car, made his typical suggestions.

"Frankfort? H-m-m. Well, take the first road down to Brown's. Turn at Brown's an' go along till you come to Miller's barn. Then take the cross-road near Miller's to Bill Jones' cider mill."

At this point a scornful local critic broke in.

"Don't you do no such thing. You'll do a whole lot better to go past White's place and then get on to the turnpike."

But here another innocent bystander lifted his voice.

"If he goes that way he'll have to ford the stream. Better go past the Moore place to Snell's Corners an' take the right-hand turn there."

The bridegroom, naturally somewhat confused by the conflicting advice, unknowingly took the road that led past White's. It brought him to the stream to be forded, but as a traveled road led directly into the water and out on the other side he assumed that the stream was shallow. He proceeded with such caution that the run-about had reached the middle of the stream before he realized how deep the water really was. He knew it then because his engine died at that point. He must get out and crank the engine—there was no question about it. He took off his coat, his shoes and his stockings, rolled up his sleeves and the legs of his trousers, and with the crank clasped firmly in his hand got into the water and waded forward to the nose of the car. As he spun the crank the fly-wheel touched the surface of the water. Instantly a geyser shot up through the cracks of the floor boards, drenching the bride as thoroughly as the most vigorous shower bath could have done it.

The bridegroom had no time to apolo-

gize or to express his sympathy. It was necessary to leap back into his seat and throttle down his racing engine. In his haste he slipped, and the soaking he got was as complete as the one he had given his bride.

No words were spoken as the car slowly completed its journey to the opposite bank. But the "way past White's" was a lonely and almost untraveled road, and in an especially isolated spot the dripping pair left the run-about, removed as many of their outer garments as they dared, and, stretched by the wayside, lent themselves to the drying powers of the blazing September sun. The bride's wet, heavy skirt seemed to her to weigh a ton. A rising wind held clouds of dust which fell in successive layers upon the couple and their remaining clothing. Mosquitos and ants bit them, and a large, ambitious spider became an earnest explorer on the bride's leg. She detached it without rancor.

"If we had any cheese and crackers left," she said, cheerfully, "we could have a nice little picnic here."

At this point the bridegroom remembered to kiss her. She swears that he hadn't done it before that entire day. It was high time, too, for the sun was sinking and a long journey was still before them. They put on again the garments that were only partly dried and the run-about resumed its flight.

BUT there was more trouble coming.

Something happened that the bridegroom vaguely referred to as "a short circuit." Whatever it was, it effectively silenced the bride. She had suggestions, and freely made them, for meeting almost any other mishap; but "a short circuit" was a calamity that occurred in a world unknown to her. She learned now some of the things a short circuit did. Also, the lights went out and the horn joined in what appeared to be a general strike. A silent horn, it seemed, simply could not be allowed. Something had to be done. The run-about crept slowly through the darkness, while the bride, in humble obedience to her lord's crisp commands, uttered at close intervals a loud, long, and increasingly mournful hoot. She had become the horn.

Clouds had been gathering, and now a heavy rain began to fall. But for some reason the horn episode had raised the spirits of the bridegroom and he was his debonair self when he broke the next bad news to his bride.

"The car won't go any further," he admitted, "and it's too dark to do any repairing, so we'll have to spend the night in some farm-house near here. But we won't mind that, will we?"

The bride looked at him with wor-

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July 1927

THE ROTARIAN

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very dirty, utterly exhausted, again soaked through, and every bone in her body ached from the jolting she had received; but these things were nothing, and Ed was simply wonderful.

"That will be a dandy adventure," she enthusiastically agreed.

They parked the car in a near-by field and set out to find the farm-house. It was not easy. The outward aspect of most of the dwellings they passed in this thinly settled region dampened even their optimistic spirits. But at last they came to a big, well-lighted house, far back from the road, and stumbled wearily up to the porch that ran across its side. A door opening from this stood wide, and through it they saw a lighted kitchen with a family assembled around a table set for the late supper which was following a successful effort to get in the hay before the storm broke.

They approached, knocked, entered; and the bridegroom made his explanation and request while half a dozen pairs of eyes looked them over. Their appearance was not reassuring and the manner of the woman of the house expressed the gravest doubts when she asked a pregnant question.

"Are you two married?" she sternly demanded.

In hurried unison they assured her that they were.

"Then you can stay tonight," she decided. "Set right down to supper while it's hot."

IT did not occur to her that they needed freshening up before the meal, nor in that hour did it strike them. The table held a great platter filled with sizzling ham and eggs, another of hot biscuits, pitchers of milk, moulds of jelly, and a big cake. A tea-pot full of boiling tea sent up its warming message to their nostrils. They hastened to "set." Throughout the later years of their luxurious lives neither has ever eaten a better meal than they had that night.

"An' you don't have to git up early to have breakfast with us," the farmer's wife kindly assured them, when with a fine sense of well-being they at last left the table. "I guess you're both pretty well done up."

"That will be so nice," said the bride, gratefully. "What time shall we come down, then?"

The farmer's wife reflected.

"If you're down by six in the mornin' I guess it'll be all right," she said.

They remembered using two big pitchers of hot water for cleaning purposes after they reached their room. They also remembered that the bride had to climb up into the high bed with the assistance of the bridegroom and a chair. After that they remembered

nothing more till dawn. Then they discovered that their room was just over the barn-yard and that apparently every animal connected with farm life was sending them a greeting. Roosters crowed, cows mooed, sheep bleated, dogs barked, hens cackled, and the steady creaking of an old wind-mill dominated all the other sounds. For a time they tried to ignore the pandemonium. Then, in wordless agreement, they rose, dressed, and breakfasted with the farmer's family at five o'clock in the morning.

"There's some trouble with the fan belt," the bridegroom reported to the bride after he had retrieved and inspected the run-about. "I could take off my own belt and rivet it together and use it, as I've done before," he went on, "but there's a broken crank-shaft, too, so I've got to send to the factory for new parts. That will keep me here several days with nothing doing till they come, but of course I must stand by the car, and I've got to put up at a road-house where you wouldn't be comfortable. The farmer will drive us to the station after dinner, and I'll think of you tonight as safe at home."

Then he became a little boastful.

"Do you realize that we traveled seventy miles yesterday?" he proudly demanded. "How's that for an automobile record? And it was a darned good trip, too, if you ask me," he complacently ended.

"It was a perfectly wonderful trip, darling," the bride heartily assured him.

"How much do we owe you for the whole thing—our supper and breakfast and dinner today, and the three-mile drive to the station?" the bridegroom asked the farmer, when the bride had taken the train.

The farmer reflected.

"Would a dollar be too much?" he diffidently inquired.

WHEN that memory came up the middle-aged man laughed aloud.

"A dollar!" he chortled. "And it will cost us nearly fifty dollars to get out of this hotel tomorrow morning. Well," he added philosophically, "more things than automobiles have changed since nineteen hundred, Alice."

They were back in their sitting-room now, and the middle-aged woman walked to the nearest window and stared out, seeing not the superb view before her but the scenes of the past.

"Just the same," she murmured, "I'd like to take that first trip all over again, right now."

Her husband came to her side and slipped an arm around her shoulder.

"It would be simply great, old girl," he warmly agreed.

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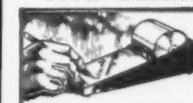
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(Continued from page 45)

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Tarpon Springs, Florida. Club No. 2521. Special Representative: Bascom D. Barber of Clearwater, Florida; president, James F. Sikes; secretary, Thomas D. Hughes.

Brownfield, Texas. Club No. 2522. Special Representative: Neil H. Wright of Lubbock, Texas; president, Morgan L. Copeland; secretary, J. Luther Cruce.

Falfurrias, Texas. Club No. 2523. Special Representative: Ed. A. Brown of Edinburg, Texas; president, J. R. Scott, Jr.; secretary, Harry L. Edwards.

Suffern, New York. Club No. 2524. Special Representative: Charles H. Turner of Port Jervis, New York; president, Alfred Grunewald; secretary, Louis Hammel.

Lewisburg-White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia. Club No. 2525. Special Representative: James H. Hickman of Hinton, West Virginia; president, S. M. Austin; secretary, Wm. H. Johnson.

Oswego, New York. Club No. 2526. Special Representative: Charles Goldstein of Geneva, New York; president, Charles E. Riley; secretary, Richard H. Wheeler.

Acton, England. Club No. 2527. Organized under the auspices of District Council No. 13; president, C. E. Street; honorary secretary, G. W. T. Garrod.

Llandudno, Wales. Club No. 2528. Organized under the auspices of District Council No. 5; president, Ernest Edgar Bone; honorary secretary, D. Cule Lewis.

Hexham, England. Club No. 2529. Organized under the auspices of District Council No. 8; president, Herbert Lees; honorary secretary, W. Hunter.

Lytham St. Anne's, England. Club No. 2530. Organized under the auspices of District Council No. 5; president, Alderman Charles F. Critchley; honorary secretary, Arthur Kay.

New Market, Virginia. Club No. 2531. Special Representative: Howard J. Benchoff of Woodstock, Virginia; president, John G. Miller; secretary, Fred H. Morehead.

Nashville, Illinois. Club No. 2532. Special Representative: John Gibson of DuQuoin, Illinois; president, J. Paul Carter; secretary, George E. Smith.

Carlyle Illinois. Club No. 2533. Special Representative: N. E. Prince of Flora, Illinois; president, Hugh V. Murray; secretary, James Arch Means.

Chamberlain, South Dakota. Club No. 2534. Special Representative: John Lindsey of Mitchell, South Dakota; president, Charley H. Entsminger; secretary, Fred W. Hallett.

Cedar Grove, Louisiana. Club No. 2535. Special Representative: William Steen of Shreveport, Louisiana; president, Sam Freeman; secretary, E. M. Freeman.

Cohoes, New York. Club No. 2536. Special Representative: Edward C. Doyle of Troy, New York; president, C. A. Davis; secretary, P. U. Fuller.

Aalborg, Denmark. Club No. 2537. Organization work completed by Special Commissioner Fred Warren Teale; president, L. Schiottz-Christensen; secretary, J. Wibrand.

Bermondsey, England. Club No. 2538. Organization work completed by District Council No. 18; president, John Moore; honorary secretary, G. W. Edwards.

Skaneateles, New York. Club No. 2539. Special Representative: Warren H. Dean of Auburn, New York; president, S. A. Kane; secretary, Arthur B. Bond.

Tottenham, England. Club No. 2540. Organized under the auspices of District Council No. 18; president, F. M. O'Brien; honorary secretary, L. A. Gill.

Hood River, Oregon. Club No. 2541. Special Representative: Albert B. Reynolds of Portland, Oregon; president, Dr. Carey Howard Jenkins; secretary, Charles M. Dyer.

Honesdale, Pennsylvania. Club No. 2542. Special Representative: Ezra H. Ripple, Jr., of Scranton, Pennsylvania; president, Homer Greene; secretary, Rev. W. Frank Allen.

West Allis, Wisconsin. Club No. 2543. Special Representative: Whitney H. Eastman of Milwaukee, Wisconsin; president, Charles W. Pendock; secretary, Rap P. Knippel.

AMONG OUR LETTERS

Warning—Suggestion

So many little lives are snuffed out, so many tiny cripples are started hobbling through life every Spring, that the advent of the beautiful season holds terror for city-bound mothers and for humane motorists as well.

It seems a cruel choice to have to make, that between life and limb and the child's heritage of play, but it must be made. Playing in the street, even though the children living in congested districts have nowhere else to play, is too hazardous to be permitted and mothers must do more than warn the little ones.

Those living far from playgrounds and school-yards, will follow a ball under the wheels of motor traffic, they will spin tops and skip ropes in the midst of the rush hour. It is instinctive with them to play and they forget warnings of danger. Under such circumstances their lives are in the hands of any driver who passes and that is a terrible strain on the conscientious motorist and a terrible risk for the child.

Warning to parents that they should themselves take measures to end the hazard by joining with others in their neighborhood to find a safe place for the children to play is issued this year by the American Automobile Association. Not only should a playground be found, but the older children or the parents should see them safely to it and back again home.

In almost every city and every neighborhood there are vacant lots sufficiently removed from other houses to make the noise of children at play unobjectionable to residents, and in almost all cases owners of these lots would be glad to place them at the disposal of the children for purposes of play. The element of real social service, of the actual saving of little lives, enters into the situation and there will be found many property owners who are eager to render such a service. They have never thought of it in all probability.

It is suggested that effective assistance in securing the use of these lots might be rendered by Rotary and other service clubs.

A. MCK. GRIGGS.
Norfolk, Va.

"Wonderful Improvement"

The April number of THE ROTARIAN has just come to hand and I want to express my pleasure in it, as I find wonderful improvement in appearance over former numbers. In my opinion the whole makeup is much finer and there is certainly a lot of interesting, authoritative, and impressive reading matter.

"What Price Health," "A Mexican Speaks to Americans," and "The Decline in Interest Rates" are three outstanding articles which very much interest me. These carry thought substance for Rotary minds in particular to feed upon. Congratulations on the improved appearance of THE ROTARIAN and upon the high value of its articles.

B. D. CHILSON.
Hilo, Hawaii.

Contrast

I was glad to see the article on "Irrepressible Belgium" in your March number. It is quite in contrast with the spirit of a printed document that has come to my desk this morning from Japan in which such statements as the following appear: "England and America have unscrupulously defied the spirit of the Washington naval treaty.... Japan, constantly menaced by the American bully, cannot but regard the so-called American affair of Japan in the light of the American masque for her big-stick policy of domination."

The type of article which Mr. Rindge has written tends towards the cultivation of a better feeling between countries. The document from Japan, whether true or not, has the other tendency.

As a former member of the New York Rotary Club, now stationed in Geneva, for some time past and interested in international affairs, I am glad to see the type of article in your March number.

E. M. ROBERTSON.
Geneva, Switzerland.

Saves "Four Bits"

Publisher THE ROTARIAN.

I am seated at my Oliver one-finishing a letter to you and trying to earn half a dollar. Some wiseacre once said that a penny saved is a penny earned, and if that's so I am hoping to earn that four bits* by saving it.

Ross, our banker, was appointed to write and keep you posted about what's going on in El Cajon valley, but he laid down on the job and the president picked on me. You see our president is a preacher and he is the city police judge, too. It isn't easy for him to be "hard-boiled," so he practices on us and fines us Tuesday so he can work up his nerve to soak the speeders when court meets on Friday. He has soaked me "two bits" already for not writing to you and has promised to make it "four bits" today if I don't perform, so you see what I am up against.

There isn't very much news about this burgh. We are all well except colds and a few cases of whooping-cough, measles, and itch, and hope this will find you enjoying the same great blessing.

Oh, yes, we did buy a lungmotor, gave the Boy Scouts a hundred dollars, helped out the grammar-school milk fund, gave the colored industrial school at Piney Woods Miss., a little money and are now whooping up things to get a swimming-pool.

We've got the lungmotor here but haven't a chance to use it yet and are hoping somebody will get drowned or shocked with electricity or something so we can see how it works. Some of us have read Judge Lindsey's book and thought that might shock us so we would need to be treated, but it hasn't worked that way yet.

You see we don't just buy things. We start the movements to buy them and then raise a hullabaloo to get more money; and the folks get busy and raise the money some way so as to stop the fuss. That is the way we got the lungmotor. We gave only a dollar a head and then started the suction pump. Then when other clubs had "coughed up" and we lacked only about fifty dollars to put the thing over and were about ready to start the strong-arm stuff to get it, the county supervisors came through with the money needed and everything was fine. Of course we will all vote for the supervisors when they come up for re-election.

It will be that way with the swimming-pool. We'll start things with a little money and then commence to percolate and make it unpleasant for the fellows who don't join up to help. Then we'll go to the city council and supervisors and ask for a tax levy next year or a contribution. If we get the levy that will do the work. You see a lot of fellows can be mighty busy and be looking out of the window when you go to them and ask for subscriptions for a thing like this. But if they own property and we get the tax levy we don't have to bother with them any more. The tax collector attends to that.

We haven't got the tax levy yet, but we expect to get it. Don't print this until you hear from me, for we don't want the councilmen to hear about what we are up to until we spring it on them, for they might have time to think up some objections. So just hold this for a week or two, and if we get the levy I will wire you, collect, and then you can print it and help fill up your paper and I will earn my "four bits."

We had an awful big rain in February and the water ran down through town and got into the bank building. I hope we have another ten times as bad, and that the water gets in the bank and drowns Ross so the doctors will have to use the lungmotor on him to bring him to. Your for progress.

C. O. SMITH,
"Official Reporter for THE ROTARIAN,"
El Cajon, California.

*U. S. (western) slang for "one-half dollar"; two bits: twenty-five cents.

Bought 500,000 feet of lumber . . .

1000 miles

away

A MEMPHIS LUMBER firm's representative called at the office of a buyer a thousand miles away. He found him in the market for a half-million feet of lumber. He wired this news to his company. They called him at once by long distance telephone, catching him before he left the prospective buyer's office. . . When the receivers were hung up, the deal had been closed.

MANY OTHER LUMBER COMPANIES have like experiences. For example, Atlanta: " . . . Looking over a list of our stock yesterday, saw an item we thought one of our customers might want. Decided to call by Long Distance. Expense, possibly \$3.50. Developed an order for 5 cars of lumber."

From Nashville: " . . . Last week we secured a 5-car order by telephone from one of our Louisville customers . . . this week 3 cars to a Knoxville connection." Jackson, Mississippi: " . . . A few weeks ago we sold a quarter-million feet of lumber over the telephone to Toronto,

Canada." Mobile: " . . . We do over 80% of our lumber buying over the long distance phone." Memphis: " . . . For quick action, for learning the last-minute status on any out-of-town situation, and in effecting satisfactory adjustments, nothing we know of will take the place of long distance service."

For good results, quick, try long distance calls. They'll usually cost less than you think. Number, please?

BELL LONG DISTANCE SERVICE



Handwriting Tells



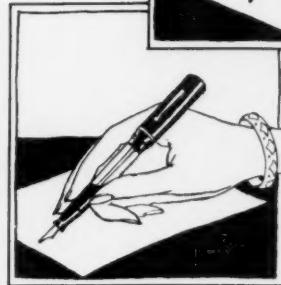
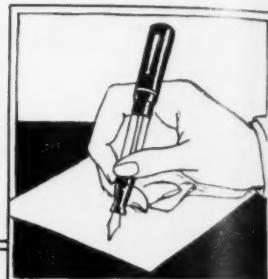
A special point if you hold your pen like this. (At left.)



The "south-faw" often needs a point that's hard to find.



If you grip your pen like this — another point.



A different group of points for nine hands.



Laura Doremus, famous graphologist, vice-president of the Continental American Graphological Society. She will analyze your writing.

HERE'S a brand-new Service . . . tested, checked and re-checked for months with literally thousands of specimens of handwriting.

Through the science of Graphology—(expert analysis of characteristics shown by handwriting)—it is now possible to select from a gigantic stock of pens the 14-karat solid gold, iridium-tipped point exactly suited to your style of writing and of holding a pen.

To fit dozens of different types of handwriting our pen point makers have developed dozens of new types of pen points which are not sold in retail stores.

Now Your Pen Will Fit Your Handwriting

Your handwriting tells exactly what kind of point you need. One of the most famous graphologists in America has been engaged to study your handwriting and to select the scientifically correct pen point for you. This great innovation now makes buying a Postal Pen by mail the ideal way to get a proper-fitting pen. Also the economical way.

Even if the retail stores could be induced to carry in stock a larger variety of pen points to really match the many different types of handwriting—

*I'm aw
gon a
gcat weapoint,*

Graphologists analyze above writing as showing idealism, individuality, affection, humor and love of adventure.

*hope to
some do*

Graphologists analyze above as showing business ability, caution, sincerity, jolly disposition, breezy personality.

Postal RESERVOIR PEN

POSTAL PEN CO., Inc., DESK 262
41 Park Row New York City

For Character Analysis of Handwriting—Enclose 25c Extra When Ordering Pen

If, in addition to the free graphological selection of proper pen point, you want to know what Graphology can tell about your character and personality from your handwriting, check here [] and enclose 25c extra when ordering your pen. Miss Doremus has agreed to make a brief but individual and personally handled Character Analysis of each specimen of handwriting for this nominal fee, much lower than the customary fee. You can have your own or anyone's handwriting analyzed.

Postal Pen Co., Inc., DESK 262, 41 Park Row, N.Y.C.

Gentlemen:—Please send me a Postal Pen fitted with point exactly suited to handwriting specimen enclosed herewith. I will pay postman \$2.50 upon receipt of pen and reserve the right to return it if I am not satisfied after 30 days' use and you guarantee to refund purchase price.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

If you live outside the U.S. send International Money Order with coupon.

Read These Remarkable Postal Features

Transparent Barrel—Always shows your ink supply.

3 to 4 times more ink—Greatest writing mileage.

Unbreakable—Auto trucks have run over it without breaking it.

14-karat Solid Gold Point—Tipped with finest iridium. Smoothest writing point selected for your personal style of writing.

Guaranteed equal in workmanship and material to pens selling at \$7 to \$8.75 or more.

they could not carry such a wide variety as is now available to you. And you would have to test hundreds of pens to find the point most perfectly suited to your individual style of writing.

This New Service Is FREE

Our new Service—Graphological Analysis of your Handwriting for the proper Selection of Pen Point—is FREE to every purchaser of a Postal Pen. If in addition you would like to know what the Science of Graphology can tell about your character, or the character of a friend, from handwriting, read text panel at left of coupon below.

The Postal Pen—Transparent—Guaranteed \$7 to \$8.75 Quality for \$2.50. You save approximately two-thirds of the cost by buying direct from us. Salesmen, jobbers' and retailers' discounts are eliminated. You get a pen absolutely guaranteed to be made of the same unbreakable materials as pens selling from \$7 to \$8.75—and so officially proved on many occasions.

And the Postal Pen has exclusive improvements which you can find in no other fountain pen at any price.

In the Postal Pen you can actually see your ink supply at all times. Its barrel is transparent—unbreakable. Never runs unexpectedly dry. It actually holds 3 to 4 times more ink than ordinary pens—writes three times as long from each filling. Ideal for Treasurers or others who must sign their name often or write for hours at a time.

30-Day Free Test

Where else could you buy a fountain pen on approval and return it after filling it with ink and using it for 30 days? The Postal Pen must convince you of its real superiority by its actual performance—or your money is refunded.

Be among the first to send this coupon with your handwriting for analysis. Mail coupon today.

